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Journal of Archaeology, Science, and Art.

N° 29—1856.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

REVIEWS.

The Oxonian in Norway; or, Notes of Excursions in that Country in 1854-1855. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

The title of this work does not represent its contents. 'The Oxonian in Norway' is as vague as to say the Shropshireman in Norway. There is no speciality, that we know of, in an Oxonian. He may be a geologist, or a mathematician, or a theologian; and it is necessary that his readers should know what he is, in order to be enabled to enter in the right mood upon the tour to which he invites them. Had the author called his book 'The Sportsman in Norway,' he would have properly designated its character.

The writer is what old Isaak Walton quaintly calls "a brother of the nangle, and an honest man." He is a master of the art of angling. He can make his own flies to suit any waters, any states of the atmosphere, and any species of fish. Lacking artificial bait, or knowing instinctively where natural baits should be used, he needs no divining rod to assist him in procuring exactly what he wants. No novelty in the way of locality puts him out. He is as cool as the fish themselves, and he they the most cunning of the "finny tribe," he has devices by which he can circumvent them. A slight alteration in Johnson's definition would accurately describe him—a rod, with a worm at one end and an artful dodger at the other. Intent upon the pursuit of piscatorial pleasures, he made two excursions into Norway, having already, as we gather from his book, exhausted the streams of other parts of Scandinavia, to say nothing about our more familiar Europe. In the course of these exploring expeditions, he penetrated some spots never visited before by an Englishman, lived amongst the people like one of themselves, and in the true spirit of a sportsman, put up with all manner of coarse fare, indescribable sleeping places, and a multitude of privations and hardships inseparable from a northern climate, in a poor and thinly-populated country. Although he found most of the best rivers let to Englishmen, who seem to be rapidly appropriating all the accessible sporting quarters, he was not at a loss in the far interior for the means of gratifying the ruling passion. His book abounds in anecdotes and traditions of the Norwegian waters, and contains a wonderful quantity of "fish-tattle." The country seems, indeed, to be peculiarly favourable to the occupations of the angler; and the people are themselves so much engrossed by them, that they draw their most common illustrations from aquarian sources. Thus, when a native wishes to stigmatize a stupid fellow, he does not call him a goose, as we do, but a cod, thereby exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the character of that particular fish, which is celebrated for its gullibility.

There are other matters besides angling in these volumes; and it is to these matters the attention of the general reader may be profitably directed. The politics and social economy of Norway have been already largely treated by previous travellers, and our Oxonian seldom troubles himself to touch upon them, except when he is tempted out of his way by the current events which, at the stormy period of his visit, formed the subject of conversation wherever he went. The information he gives us is of a different character, and relates

chiefly to the inner life of the peasantry, the wild and peculiar scenery through which he passed, and the ways and means by which he prosecuted his journey. Few tourists have had such excellent opportunities of arriving at a correct judgment upon the domestic traits of the population; and whoever contemplates a holiday in Norway, will do well to take the Oxonian as a guide.

It would be idle to follow the traveller on his route from Christiania to Bergen, thence to Trondjem, the old capital, and so on into the interior. There are names of places here not to be discovered on maps, and it would confuse rather than enlighten the reader to attempt to trace them. A few illustrative passages, selected at striking points, will afford a clearer notion of the contents of the work. Here is a picture of a group of mountain peasantry as they were seen returning from church, dressed, no doubt, "all in their best":—

"What beauty there was among the females, was chiefly of the substantial and solid order. Their costumes were peculiar. Each wore a high shirt-collar, like a man, with a thick silk kerchief tied behind. The upper garment was a sort of polka pelisse of blue cloth, very short-waisted, confined by a belt embroidered with various coloured beads. The petticoat of various colours. But the most characteristic feature, perhaps, in their dress, was a huge pair of green worsted gloves, worn by all without exception, although the heat was something extraordinary; as, also, a white kerchief tied into a peculiar sort of head-dress, a little like the Riegel Haube, of Munich.

"A little girl appeared amongst them, clad in exactly the same fashion. Children in this country are dressed like their parents in miniature. Boys may be seen in knee-breeches, and with the everlasting 'toll' knife in his belt, half as long as his legs."

The reader should be informed that the huge gloves referred to constitute an important and indispensable article to the Norwegian. They have no fingers, and appear to be universally worn.

The character of the scenery is pretty well known; yet its grandeur is full of such infinite varieties as to bear frequent descriptions without running into monotony. The writer does not affect any poetical raptures about it, but he contrives, as in the following passages, by a few natural touches, to make us understand its power. This scene is one of the most magnificent in the country:—

"Just sufficiently below the horizon not to hide the main features of the view, the sun-draped objects around, as it were, in a gauze of violet hue. No language, either of the pen or the brush, can bring out the peculiar sublimity of these scenes. As the penny-a-liners would say, they must be seen to be believed. Salvator would have been quite out of place here. Sheer precipices, two thousand feet high, grim and threatening, fit haunts for the mighty Jotul of Scandinavian mythology, by the side of which a 'tall Amiral' would have been dwarfed to a cock-boat; the waterfalls bursting from the mountain-tops, and seeming in the shadow like gigantic columns of silver standing immovably fixed on a plain of emerald; the recesses of the Fjord growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance until they are swallowed up in the narrowing gorges."

The Norwegians do not seem to be a very romantic race; but they inherit the frailties of our common humanity, and, like wiser and more susceptible people, have their passages of tender emotions in which the heart fairly supersedes the head. One of the evidences of this weakness may be seen in the descriptions of a love-omen, the dog daisy, which is

called *Prest-krave*—that is, clergyman's ruff. A boy had gathered one of these flowers, and thus performed the spell:—

"With anxious countenance he began plucking off the petals of the flower one by one; on my asking him what he was doing, he confessed with a blush that he was taking an omen. In Faust, Gretchen does the same thing.

"The formula was as follows, as he pulled off each leaf in succession:—1. She loves. 2. With all her heart. 3. With secret pain. 4. In her deepest soul. 5. But tells no one. 6. Only a little. 7. Alas! not at all; and so begin again. The words that correspond to the last leaf settling the state of her affections."

Love, tested by such hazardous processes, is a serious business in Norway; and we must not be surprised to find that its lyrics are somewhat desponding. Our Oxonian heard two or three peasants joining in the most dolorous ditty he had ever listened to, and upon inquiry learned that it was a love-song. When love, however, culminates in marriage, it takes a new turn, and instead of giving way to despair, it solaces itself for all its past sufferings by eating and drinking at the height of its capacity. Our traveller paid a visit to a bride the morning after her marriage, and was introduced to an interior which is best delineated in his own words. We should apprise the reader that the guests had been eating and drinking with little intermission the whole of the day before:—

"In the largest 'stue' (room) of the house, the floor of which was strewn with fresh juniper sprigs, were ranged parallel to each other, three long tables; two of which were beset by peasant women of all ages, dressed in the very best homespun of various colours; while the third was entirely occupied by male visitors. On all public occasions, the sexes are kept well apart in this country—this according best with their simple notions of propriety. Outside the doors was a crowd of persons, ready to relieve guard at the first vacancy. We were immediately marched to the seat of honour, at the top of one of the tables, and placed next the priest.

"Once seated, I had an opportunity of looking around me. Conversation, if it had been going on, was no longer brisk; the feast of reason and the flow of soul knew no place here. As far as merriment was concerned, it might rather have been a funeral feast than a bridal. The only sounds that struck my ear, were the clattering of plates and rattling of jaws. And such viands! At the top of each table was a capacious wooden vessel of bridal porridge, i.e., rye and barley stir-about floating in hot butter. Next to this came a bowl of milk; next a similar vessel full of salted salmon of last year's catching; below these were a pile of fladbrod, nearly a yard in diameter; and then a castle of butter placed on a wooden stand; an edifice of about two feet in height. Such was the fare repeated in exactly the same order up and down the tables; there being about four editions of these dainties at each board. Although the very sight of the delicacies almost turned my stomach, I must fain dip a wooden spoon into the bridal porridge, and swallow a lump of it, and then into the milk, and do likewise; after the most approved Norwegian fashion."

The bride, a "pleasing damsel, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair," sat on a stool in the middle of this crush of people, guarded by the bridegroom, a stalwart fellow who stood beside her.

That we may not wholly overlook the sporting features of the tour, we will give an adventure with a herd of reindeer in one of the savage recesses of the mountains:—

"Suddenly Björner fell flat to the earth; we did the same. Gradually he rose and peered with the

tail of his eye over the rocks. 'It's all right,' he whispered. I crept towards where he lay, but could distinguish nothing but grey stones of various shapes and sizes, dotting the verdure. At last, by the aid of my glass, I discovered, at a great distance below, the cause of his spasmodic gesticulations. Nine reindeer were there, five lying down, four still browsing, two or three of which had great branching antlers. They had evidently not perceived us, for, presently, all nine were stretched upon the sward. Our task was, if possible, to approach them unperceived. The wind, what little there was, blew in our faces; that was all right. For the wind can be the hunter's worst enemy. 'The rein' has good eyes, and better ears,' says the Norwegian, 'but his nose, that is a marvel.'

'The place where we stood must have been nearly two thousand feet above where they lay, and the descent was very precipitous. But the face of the rocks was a good deal broken, affording tolerable cover and foothold, if we were cautious. Grasping my rifle in one hand, and holding on with the other, I, in due time, found myself near the bottom, my companions close alongside. The deer were still lying in the same position, lazily shaking their ears to keep off the flies. In another five minutes we shall be within shot. The moment was one of intense interest. To circumvent one of these crafty fellows was worth more than stalking a dozen red-deer. After creeping a little farther on all fours, breathless with excitement and fatigue, we halted for a second, while Björner took another peep. His countenance fell. The bird was flown. Out upon him! and out upon us for not being more cautious.

'His old glazed hat had done all the mischief. A gleam of sunshine had settled upon it, and the sleepy deer, who were very wide awake notwithstanding, had caught the alarm at such an unwonted object, and were trotting off apparently quite easily, but in reality at great speed.'

This may be appropriately followed by a glance at sleeping quarters on a fishing excursion:—

'At length, after toiling some distance further up the glen, Michel pointed to an object, which looked to me like an isolated block of grey rock, its top covered with turf, but which he persisted in saying was the seter in question. And so it turned out to be. Marite, a plump, good-natured damsel, the presiding deity of this shrine, opening the door, bid us welcome. By dint of ducking my head, and contracting my limbs after the manner of harlequin, I succeeded in getting through the orifice, misnamed door, and found myself inside the dwelling. It was built of loose slates, and divided into two parts, each about seven feet square, and as many high. The inner apartment served as the dairy. Here was a goodly store of cheeses and salt butter, the produce of Marite's industry; while on shelves along the wall stood an array of well-scoured birchen vessels, full of aromatic milk, and mantled over with cream of various degrees of thickness. The chimney, which also served the purpose of window, took up about a third of the lodging-room, while the other part was chiefly occupied by the bed.

'The neat-handed maiden soon lit a fire, and cooked my trout in the iron pot, the only culinary utensil of which the establishment could boast. It is true, there were no plates and no forks; but a piece of birch-bark served me for the one, and I did without the other. After a long chat with Marite, who was very inquisitive, but very modest and well-behaved; Michel the while squatting on a tub in the corner, and munching his evening meal, the girl retired to sleep with Ingeborga, in an adjoining seter. These two girls are the sole inhabitants of this lonely spot. Michel, I believe, bestowed himself in a cowshed for the night. As for myself, first slipping my trousers into a large hole in the wall, close by my ear, to keep out the night air, I was soon fast asleep under the sheep-skins.'

In the valley of Fosmoen there is a new

settlement; but the habits and manners of the residents present no variation from those of the rest of Norway. The new village is modelled on the old traditions, and a picture of the household arrangements which prevail here will answer for the whole country:—

'In the chief room, or Stue (after the old Roman fashion), is the bed; in another corner is the huge dome-like chimney projecting over the fire place, which is raised on one step. Grates are never seen in the country. Above it hang the 'lum-cleeks,' or crook, on which is suspended the iron pot. In this iron pot, or a facsimile of it, everything is cooked, whether boiled or roasted. In the largest culinary utensil, the everlasting grød is simmered and stirred about with a knob of fir, so lopped, as to leave the spikes projecting.

'In another part of the room is the board, upon which in due time the mess of porridge is placed, flanked by a bowl of milk. Here Paterfamilias and his better half, with all the family, together with the labourers and helps of all sorts, cluster round, and dab their short wooden spoons, first into this vessel and then into that. If you wish for a sample of Norwegian inactivity, watch how they do this; the elbow is pivoted on the table, and with the point of this, as a fulcrum, they incline their arm, like a lever, first towards the porridge, then to the milk; slowly conveying the food to their mouths. To my mind, their way of thanking you is proof of their dilatory nature. 'Tak skal de har—you shall have thanks,' i.e., at some future time. The quantity of food consumed on these occasions is very great.'

One Sunday our traveller visits the church a dozen miles down the valley, and sees a congregation which, if not in the highest degree picturesque, is at least singularly miscellaneous:—

'Though the building was large, and provided with galleries, nearly every seat was occupied. A motley assemblage was there. Norwegian bonders, in their grey wadmal suits, sat on the south side of the church; on the north their wives and daughters, with the never absent black silk cap 'lue,' fastened under the chin, woollen dresses, fitting closely up to the throat, and a kerchief of some bright silk passed twice round the neck, and tied in a large knot behind the ears. Such are the spring, summer, autumn, and winter fashions of the people. Lower down the aisle, and up in the galleries, were the diminutive Laps, dressed in their summer suit, a dingy flannel blouse, ornamented with edgings and shoulder-straps of red and yellow. From their leathern belts depended large knives.

'Fin-women too were not wanting, conspicuous by their caps like truncated cones, adorned with gold and silver lace, and bright coloured ribands. These tiny people contrasted strangely with the bulkier Norwegians. Here were the blue eyes and fair hair of the descendants of the Vikings, with countenances solemn and sedate. There the gleaming, deep-set orbs, high-cheeked bones, elf-locks, and scanty beards of the inferior race. Some of these intently watched the service with a look of mingled curiosity and fanaticism; while others stared around so wildly and fiercely, that one might fancy they would draw their long knives, and set up a wild war-whoop.

'Most of these Laps or Fins, (they are called by both names), were still nomads, living upon the fjeld summer and winter; 'Fjeld Finner.' Their encampments were on the adjoining mountain. Others were Sea-Fins, who, giving up a wandering life, have settled down by the Fjords, and taken to fishing, and cultivating patches of bog or rock. These last are inferior to the former in appearance, and are generally poorer and worse off. In fact, they seldom thrive away from the mountains. The instinct of roaming is so strong upon them, that after trying a settled life for a time, they suddenly pack up what they can carry, and join their brethren on the fjeld. I have myself seen more than one dwelling, which it must have

required much labour to build, entirely deserted. The number of Laps in Norway at the last census in 1847 was 14,464.'

A land that produces such varieties as these must present infinite sources of interest to the traveller; but he who would enjoy them must be prepared to undergo some hardships in the way of living. Out of Christiania there are not six hotels in the whole country. The postal arrangements are excellent, as far as they go; but prices have risen since Mr. Laing's time. A small species of gig, called a cariole, is the only mode of conveyance, and you must either buy or hire it, there being no public coaches in the country. There is only one railway, from Christiania to the Miosen lake. The further you recede from the capital, the worse the accommodation becomes. Even under the best circumstances, beds and sheets are everywhere short, wash-hand basins are the size of slop-basins, egg cups are a myth, and boiled cream is ladled out with a sort of Apostolic spoon. In the interior doctors are scarce. In some places there are none. 'We are in the wildest part of the country,' says the Oxonian, 'where such a thing as a doctor is never seen. Nothing of the sort nearer than Leiadalsøven, which is fifty miles off.'

The Norwegians are very primitive in the matter of horses and harness. The horses, however, conduct themselves very well notwithstanding, except that they are given to shying:—

'This habit of shying is one of the few faults that the Norsk horses can be accused of. The absence of blinkers, and the rottenness of the harness, do not improve the matter. A discreet traveller will not trust to the harness of the natives; it is a broken reed. Two loose wooden pins are frequently all that fasten the horse to the shaft. These the boy sometimes whittles out of a bush on starting. If one of them comes out, when your cariole is passing a precipice—there is seldom any railing to protect you—if this should happen, and your horse become alarmed—any English horse would be, under the circumstances—why, good bye to you!'

Love of their horses is a national trait:—

'One feature of Norwegian character, which some assert to be a remnant of their original Oriental descent, is their affection for their horses. They will often talk to the animal as if he were a reasonable being, and he seems perfectly to understand them. At every hill the boy jumps down, and runs by your side to save his horse. It is amusing to see the various devices adopted by the peasants to prevent the Englishman from over-driving. When there are many travellers in company, the worst horse is sure to be harnessed to the leading cariole, so that Mr. Thingumby's 'carriage stops the way' throughout the stage. Sometimes they pretend that the harness wants altering, and by this means get their darling a respite. The common way to moderate the speed of the Jehu is to cry 'burrah, burrah,' or 'fole, fole,' or they utter a low whistle as if they were humming a tune. The traveller all the while, who is not up to the dodge, can't imagine why his horse is going so slow, and applies his whip by way of reminder. Upon this the peasant throws off all disguise, cries out, 'Quile hesten lidt,' (Give the horse a little rest,) jumps down, and pats his favourite, ruefully addressing him as 'stakkels' (poor fellow).'

Swimming is an art almost unknown in Norway, and washing is at a discount. The people are very litigious. They are passionately fond of law-suits. In some places, our tourist found them narrow-minded and exacting, and he is by no means disposed to endorse Mr. Laing's praises of their character; but he bears high testimony to their honesty

In no country is the traveller more secure against theft. The Norwegians do not generally cultivate music. The Swedes, on the contrary, are enthusiastic musicians, and most of the airs which the Norwegians claim as their own are really Swedish. Except an occasional parrot, the Oxonian tells us that he never saw a caged bird in Norway. The sole interest of the surface of the country consists in its natural beauties. There are no architectural remains; not a vestige left of the ancient castles of the Vikings. The buildings, even to the churches, are generally of wood, which neither admits of much variety of form, nor possesses the quality of durability.

The length to which we have unconsciously extended our notice of these volumes is, perhaps, the best evidence of their merit. They are extremely lively and entertaining, written in a vein of high animal spirits, and full of minute details, which bring the country and the people vividly before us. There are some blunders, possibly typographical, which should be amended in a second edition. Thus, we have 'finiking' for 'finikin,' 'Bartlett's Apology' for 'Barclay's Apology,' and the birch tree is erroneously described as the 'lady of the wood.' These are trifling blemishes, but it is desirable to note them for correction.

Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1855. By Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records. Longman and Co.

It says little for the utilitarian acumen of our rulers, that England, which has so long prided herself, before all other countries, on the possession of great mineral wealth, should have been devoid until within the last few years of a Mining Record Office, or of any official system of registration of mineral statistics. It was not until last year that the annual production of Coal, one of the staple commodities of our island, was correctly ascertained, and this Report for 1855, by the Keeper of the Mining Records, just issued by the Director General of the Geological Survey, is the very first in which we may be said to have any approximation to an accurate return of the miscellaneous mineral substances, which include zinc, salt, sulphur, porcelain, clay, building stones, slates, alum, jet, &c. The value of this inquiry is sufficiently obvious, from the readiness with which the voluminous details of information are supplied by the possessors, and the eagerness shown by them to get back the returns in their tabulated and classified form. Unlike the generality of farmers, who are as backward in furnishing data for agricultural statistics as if they were parting with so much combustible material for their own special annihilation, colliery proprietors, iron-masters, smelters, mine owners, and metal merchants, have all vied with each other in their endeavours to furnish the fullest particulars for working these statistical computations; and great praise is due to Mr. Hunt, aided by the efficient organization of this department of the Survey, for the completeness with which they have been collected and elaborated.

The drain upon our fossil fuel, about 644 millions of tons per annum, is at first sight somewhat alarming; but as geologists are pretty well agreed that the cubic contents of our coal fields will suffice, even at this tremendous rate of exhaustion, for four or five

hundred years to come, we need not feel much anxiety for the wants of posterity on this score. Only the odd 4½ millions of tons are sent out of the country. Sixty millions of tons, of which about a fourth is excavated from the bowels of Durham and Northumberland, are used for home consumption. How long these two counties will bear undiminishing at the rate of fifteen millions of tons per annum, we dare not hazard a conjecture.

Of Tin, which only exists in the South-western extremity of our island, the quantity raised in 1855 was in Cornwall 8627 tons, and in Devonshire 320 tons, the mines being 129 in number in the former county, and 27 in the latter. Added to this, 1612 tons were imported, chiefly from China, Singapore, and the British and Dutch possessions in the East, while on the other hand 1337 tons were exported to France, Turkey, Prussia, Italy, Spain, Syria, Palestine, Holland, the United States, and Brazil.

The quantity of Copper Ore which, as in the case of Tin, is in England confined to Cornwall and Devon, was, at the public sales, 195,193 tons, upwards of ten thousand tons more than in the preceding year, producing 12,573 tons of metal, of the value of 1,263,739*l.*; and about as much again, the produce of Irish, Welsh, and foreign sales, and purchases by private contract.

Lead and Silver Ore, which has a wider range, is found in nine different counties of England—Cornwall, Devonshire, Shropshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland, but the Cornish ore yields by far the largest proportion of silver. While in Cumberland, for example, 9627 tons of ore, raised in 1855, yielded 6929 tons of lead, and 62,897 ounces of silver, in Cornwall 8962 tons of ore raised in the same period yielded 5882 of lead, and 211,348 ounces of silver. This ore is found also in smaller quantities in most of the counties of Wales, in Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. The total quantity raised in 1855 in the United Kingdom was 92,330 tons, yielding 73,091 tons of lead, from which was separated 561,906 ounces of silver. The bulk of our silver is, of course, from foreign sources. The quantity of Silver Ore imported and sold at Liverpool and Swansea in 1855 was 7222 tons, yielding 2,112,246 ounces of the precious metal.

Of the staple ore of the country, Iron, the quantity raised in the United Kingdom in 1855, was as much as 9,553,741 tons, yielding 3,213,154 tons of metal, value 13,516,266*l.*, the largest number of furnaces being in Staffordshire and South Wales. In addition to which 37,407 tons have been imported from foreign parts. The exports for the same period were 293,584 tons.

Of the more miscellaneous mineral substances of which statistics are given, we may mention the following. Of Salt, the manufacturing are almost confined to Cheshire. The quantity of white salt manufactured from brine, in the districts of Winsford and Northwich, was 834,514 tons. Sulphur is chiefly the produce of Ireland, from whence the quantity last year, the largest supply being from the mines of Wicklow, was 58,000 tons. Of Arsenic, the produce in Cornwall, its principal habitat, was computed to be 1390 tons. Of Brick Clay, the following statement, given on the authority of Mr. Humphrey Chamberlain, communicated in a paper to the Society of Arts is curious:—

"The quantity of Bricks made per annum in this kingdom is about 1,800,000,000; of this quantity Manchester alone makes about 130,000,000 per annum. What are termed the London makers produce about the same quantity; but Bricks are sent to the metropolis from a circuit of 100 miles; it is therefore impossible to give exactly the consumption. Taking Bricks at the low average of three tons per 1000, the annual make exceeds in weight 5,400,000 tons, and the capital employed must be upwards of 2,000,000 sterling."

Very interesting and valuable statistical information is given of the different kinds of building stone of the country, but the inquiry has only recently been commenced, and the quarries are so numerous that the investigation is as yet incomplete. The following on the granite of Aberdeenshire is worth extracting:—

"The greater part of the county of Aberdeen rests upon Granite.

"The Aberdeen Granite, from the quarries of Dancing-cairn, Rubislaw, Tyrebagger, &c., is so much used in London for kerb and paving, as to render any particular description unnecessary. The base of the Duke of York's monument is from these quarries.

"From Cruden to Peterhead the coast is chiefly precipitous, and the rocks of Red Granite, approaching perhaps nearer to the Red Granite of Egypt than any other in Britain. Quarries have been wrought on the estate of the Earl of Errol, and on the estate of Longhaven, belonging to the heirs of the late Alexander Erskine, in the parish of Cruden; in the Stirling-hill, on the estate of Boddam, belonging partly to the Earl of Aberdeen, and partly to Mrs. Margaret Gordon, of Sanford-hill; on the estate of Seafeld, belonging to Mrs. Amelia Anderson, and on the estate of Peterhead, belonging to the Governors of the Merchant Maiden Hospital of Edinburgh, all in the parish of Peterhead. The Sheerness Docks were built mostly of stones from these quarries. The pillar of the Duke of York's monument from the Stirling-hill, and the Abacus, from the Seafeld quarries. The pillars in the British Museum from Mr. Erskine's quarries, and those in Fishmongers' Hall from the Stirling-hill; the base of Pitt and of Fox's monuments from Peterhead."

Among other curious details in the Report we notice that in the famous slate quarries in Argyleshire, which are stated to have been worked for centuries, upwards of ten millions of Slates are still produced annually. Of Alum the quantity made last year near Glasgow was 6000 tons; and the value of Jet manufactured at Whitby was 20,000*l.* From this imperfect analysis some idea may be formed of the value and usefulness of Mr. Hunt's labours as Keeper of the Mining Records, and of the increasing efficiency of the Jermyn-street institution in a commercial and economical point of view.

Ellen of Ayr; or, the Soldier's Wife. By Charles Neill. Paton and Ritchie, Edinburgh.

The late war has done much to secure public attention to the condition of the British army. Already there had been much improvement over former times, and there is now every disposition on the part of the authorities to render the lot of the soldier as comfortable as is consistent with the requirements of the service. Better barracks, better allowances, discouragement of drinking, providing libraries, as well as out-of-door amusements, and, above all, the regulations for shorter periods of enlistment, and the rewards for good conduct, promise much for the physical and moral amelioration of the men, and will encourage a

better class to enter the army. The condition of the soldier's wife has also obtained generous consideration. It was only the other day that an order from the Horse Guards, under the direction of the new Commander-in-Chief, provided for the better accommodation of the married women in barracks. It was high time that this matter should be arranged, and there are other improvements equally required. But the chief part of the hardships of the soldier's wife are inseparable from the lot itself, and can be little remedied by outward interference. The story of 'Ellen of Ayr' exhibits the common trials and vicissitudes, as well as some of the special hardships now happily less experienced. It professes to be a tale of real life, the facts having been taken down from the lips of the speaker, and arranged as a narrative. With one exception, the author assures us that all the characters were real personages, the names alone being disguised. There is every appearance of genuineness in the book, and the author has managed to give dramatic interest to the narrative by the dialogues and incidents introduced. We quote some of the remarks on a parting scene where a regiment had been ordered abroad, only six women being allowed to accompany every hundred men. The ballot having been described, and very affecting are some of the scenes there witnessed, the actual parting arrives:—

"At early dawn, an unwonted bugle-sound is heard: it is the signal for preparation. The soldiers start from their sleepless couches, and shortly appear in the barrack-square in fatigue dress. Baggage-carts are coming and going, men are packing and running eagerly to and fro, and weeping eyes are at the windows sadly contemplating the various movements.

"After a few hours, the packing is done, and the bugle sounds the call for breakfast. Wives and husbands, many of them, sit together for the last time! Appetite is absorbed in grief, and the scanty repast is left almost untouched. They talk about their children; what will become of them, poor innocents? The mother declares that she will work for them while life and strength endure. The father feels he can trust her love; but sad thoughts chase each other through his mind. He knows that there may be willing hands, and no work—plenty of bread in the land, yet starvation for his—tender hearts and open purses for the slaves and the heathen abroad, but, ah, how little for the soldier's destitute family at home! He dares look even beyond their present misery; and, as he penetrates the gloom of futurity, sees his children perishing with hunger—the beloved of his bosom languishing and dying in a workhouse, or carried forth with pauper honours to a pauper's grave—while he himself is far away in a foreign land fighting the battles of his country!

"His wife marks the clouds of sorrow on his brow. She wipes the tear from her glistening eyelids, assumes a smile, and cheers him with the hope of meeting again, although her own heart is sinking within her, and tells her the baseless foundation of such a thought!

"The bugle sounds the warning for parade, and the soldiers start from their sad reveries to make ready for the final call.

"It sounds! Farewell love, and hope, and joy! Hearts are quaking, and eyes are streaming, as men, women, and children hurry to the parting scene!

"The drum booms, and the ranks are wavering to and fro in the agonies of separation. It is the last embrace! Vows and prayers are rising to heaven; tears of woe are falling to the earth; hearts are wringing with bitter anguish, and the air is pregnant with sighs and groans! 'March!' The band plays, but its music is not heard: the soldiers move, but wives and children are still clinging to them; officers are gently urging them

to separate, but, oh, how reluctantly they yield! Yet it must be. They part. Farewell! Farewell! Nature's ties are rent asunder, and affections the most sacred and tender are sacrificed on the altar of expediency to the old tune of—
'The girl I left behind me!'

"And what became of the girls? is the question that naturally arises. They were allowed 'marching money,' at the rate of a penny or three-halfpence per mile, and about half of that for each of their children, to enable them to reach the places to which they respectively belonged. At that time there were neither railways nor cheap fares, and the poor women were put to their wits' end to get conveyances adapted to their slender means. Some gave all they possessed for those of the roughest and meanest description; a few were assisted home by remittances from their friends; but the majority set out on foot, having to carry or drag their children to distances of from forty to a hundred miles, with the prospect of beggary or starvation before they reached the end of their journey. Those married without permission were excluded from this arrangement, though, generally speaking, they were hard-working, sober women, who maintained themselves and children out of barracks, followed their husbands from place to place with the greatest devotion, and knew more of the hardships of soldiers' wives than many of their fortunate sisters within the gate. The system of 'marching money' may be now altered, but further than sending them home, government made no provision for the soldiers' wives."

Most of the scenes of the story are laid in the stations in the Mediterranean, whither Ellen accompanied her husband. The descriptions of these localities, and the routine of barrack life, do not admit of much novelty, nor are likely to excite much interest apart from the representation of facts bearing upon the welfare of the class for whose benefit the book is written. When the regiment was at Corfu, Ellen gave birth to another son:—

"A soldier, with a shilling per day, naturally regards every addition to his family with considerable anxiety, and even civilians cannot help asking—'How does he manage to support himself, a wife, and children, on such a pittance?' The fact is, he cannot. He and his family may live soberly, be contented with their two diets a-day, and practise economy even to starvation's point, yet debt will stare him in the face; and once it looks at him, it takes a liking for him, and will hardly leave him. Assistance he must have; and to whom can he look for it but to his wife? She, indeed, often bears the heaviest part of the burden; for, in addition to her family duties, she performs an amount of sewing, washing, and dressing, almost incredible. The little mouths around her are ever craving for food, and, to satisfy them, she must ever cry for work—happy, truly happy, when she can find it, and contrive, as the phrase has it, 'to make both ends meet.'

"Fortunately for Ellen, her husband, now a corporal, had fourpence per day additional, and being employed with a party at the king's works at Castrades, sixpence more was added to his pay. This, in Corfu, where living is very cheap, sufficed for a family whose wants never exceeded the bare necessities of life."

Some amusing scenes occur in the course of the tale, the brogue of the Irish women of the regiment giving variety to the dialogue. Dugald or Tugald Macrae, a highland piper, is also an entertaining and well-sustained character. But the prevailing tone of the book is sombre and melancholy, and conveys a sad impression of the sacrifices, temptations, and hardships which belong to the lot of the soldier's wife. The perusal of the tale will not fail to gain greater sympathy for a class whose condition has not been sufficiently known or attended to.

Beaumarchais and his Times. By Louis de Loménie. Translated by Henry S. Edwards. 4 vols. Addey and Co.

WHAT M. de Tocqueville has described in his philosophical Essay on the state of society in France before the Revolution of 1789, M. de Loménie has illustrated in the more popular and attractive form of biography. The life of Beaumarchais is a history of the time in which he lived, in some of its most striking aspects. Sprung from the lower ranks of society, he rose through a variety of social positions to take an important part in public affairs. His wonderful versatility of talents brought him into contact with the most different kinds of persons, and enabled him to play, turn by turn, and often at the same time, the most different parts. Watch-maker, musician, dramatist, courtier, merchant, financier, manufacturer, ship owner, contractor, secret agent, and public negotiator, as we follow his singular career we are led to view every phase of social life in France before the Revolution. At the very time that he was producing *The Barber of Seville*, he was the half-Hampden, half-Wilkes hero of a law suit which overthrew the new parliament of Paris, and hastened the political crisis of the times. Yet we find him afterwards corresponding secretly from London with Louis XVI., courted by the old nobility, and consulted by Vergennes, Necker, Calonne, and the first financiers and statesmen of the age. He it was who first secured the intervention of France in the quarrel between England and the American colonies. He it was who sent over to Washington most of the officers who trained his raw troops, and among them Von Steuben, the Prussian veteran, of whom Washington Irving has, in his last volume, given so amusing an account. Of still more importance were the military stores and supplies which he advanced, without which the War of Independence could scarcely have been maintained. When the storm of the Revolution burst forth in France Beaumarchais for a time took part in public affairs, and he who had been under the monarchy a Grand Ranger of Rivers and Forests, appeared under the Republic as Commissary of the Committee of Public Safety. This appointment, instead of placing him beyond peril, endangered his life, and gave a fatal blow to his fortune. As he had opposed the abuses of the old régime, so he resisted the excesses of the new. He was soon among the proscribed, his property confiscated, and forced to escape for his life during the Reign of Terror. After having possessed an income of 150,000 francs, he lived for two years in utter penury at Hamburg, in concealment, and under a false name. He returned to his native land at the age of fifty-five, broken down in health, but still, with restless activity of mind, mixing himself up with all the affairs of the day. Resuming his literary pursuits, he superintended the production of his last drama, *The Guilty Mother*. Collecting the relics of his property, he engaged in new projects with the sanguine energy of youth. When he died in 1799, besides numerous proceedings with his private creditors and debtors, he was involved in law suits and public claims, to the amount of millions of francs, against the governments both of France and the United States. Ten days before he died he wrote to his friend Talleyrand that he was determined to resist the decision of a commission which had repudiated

a claim for 997,000 francs, granted by a former commission, and sought to make him a debtor to the state for half a million of francs. The memoirs of such a man have an interest beyond that of a personal biography. The story of his life throws new light on the politics and the literature, on the ideas and the manners of his age. It presents a series of striking sketches of the internal history of France during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

It is singular that no memoir of Beaumarchais has until now been published. Essays and criticisms on his works have been abundant, but of his personal history little has been known beyond the meagre notices in the chapter in La Harpe's 'Course of Literature.' In 1809, his friend Gudin published a collected edition of his works in nine volumes, but he inserted very few of his letters or other documents bearing upon his private life. He prepared a memoir, indeed, but the widow of Beaumarchais prudently at that time objected to its publication. La Harpe's estimate of him as a man was greatly more favourable than commonly prevailed at the period of his death, his enemies having heaped upon him many absurd and odious calumnies. A reported conversation of Napoleon at St. Helena may have confirmed the popular antipathy, when he is made to say that "he had constantly repelled Beaumarchais, in spite of his wit, from the time of his consulate, on account of his bad reputation and his great immorality." As Beaumarchais died in May, 1799, before Bonaparte was Consul, the incorrectness of this statement is apparent. M. de Loménie adduces two brief letters which do not indicate the aversion here reported. The one is addressed to Beaumarchais himself:—

"Paris, Germinal 11 year 6 (March 1798).

"General Desaix has remitted to me, citizen, your agreeable letter of the 25th Ventôse. I thank you for it, I shall embrace with pleasure any circumstance which may present itself to make the acquaintance of the author of 'La mère coupable.'

"I salute you,

"BONAPARTE."

The other is addressed to Madame de Beaumarchais after the death of her husband, and in answer to a petition:—

"Paris, Vendémiaire year 9.

"Madam,—I have received your letter; I will set in your affair with all the interest which the memory of the justly-celebrated man deserves, and which you yourself inspire.

"BONAPARTE."

The connexion of Beaumarchais with Voltaire and the encyclopedists was the chief blot on his fame, and this seems chiefly to have led to the suppression of Gudin's memoir in 1809. But the time had come when a disinterested and just estimate of his character might be given, and some public memoirs appear of a man in his time so celebrated. Justice to his memory seemed to require this, as of all the famous men of the eighteenth century he is probably the one about whom the greatest number of fabulous statements had been circulated. Fortunately ample materials had been preserved. MM. Delarue and Alfred Delarue de Beaumarchais, the son-in-law and grandson of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*, put at the disposal of M. de Loménie the unpublished documents in their possession. A selection from them appeared, with an accompanying narrative and comments, in a succession of papers in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' where they at-

tracted no little interest. These papers, now remodelled and rewritten, form the substance of the present work. Of his first introduction to the long-concealed literary treasures, the editor gives a lively account:—

"Accompanied by a grandson of Beaumarchais, I one day entered a house in the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule. We went upstairs to a garret into which no one had penetrated for several years, and on opening the door—which was not done without difficulty—raised a cloud of dust which almost suffocated us. I ran to the window for air; but, like the door, the window had so completely lost the habit of opening, that it resisted all my efforts: the wood, swollen and rotten from dampness, threatened to fall to pieces beneath my hand, when I took the wise resolution of breaking two of the panes, and we were at length able to breathe and cast our eyes freely around us. The little room was covered with boxes and cases filled with papers. Before me, in this uninhabited and silent cell—beneath this thick layer of dust, I had all that remained of one of the most lively wits—of one of the most noisy, agitated, and varied existences which belonged to the last century. I had before me all the papers left fifty-four years ago by the author of the 'Marriage of Figaro.'

"When the superb mansion built by Beaumarchais, on the boulevard which bears his name, was sold and pulled down, his papers were removed to a neighbouring house, and shut up in the room where I found them. The presence of a brush and of a few gloves, intended to preserve the hands from dust, showed that from time to time visits had been paid to the room. By degrees these visits had become more rare, death having taken away in succession the widow and daughter of Beaumarchais. His son-in-law and grandchildren, fearing the documents might fall into negligent or hostile hands, had resolved to let them lie in peace; and thus valuable materials for the history of the eighteenth century—thus all the souvenirs of an extraordinary career, had remained buried for more than twenty years in a deserted cell, the aspect of which filled me with a profound melancholy. In disturbing the rest of this heap of papers, yellow with age, written or received in former times in anger or in joy by a being who—as Madame de Staël said of Mirabeau—was so strongly animated, so fully in possession of life, it seemed as if I was performing an exhumation. I fancied I saw one of those tombs in Père la Chaise which, although visited frequently in the first instance, become at last covered with nettles, reminding us incessantly of the forgetfulness which follows us on this earth, from which we pass so rapidly.

"One portion, however, of the papers had been arranged with care: it was that which related to the numerous and varied transactions of Beaumarchais as pleader, merchant, shipowner, contractor for government stores and administrator. The other portion, which presented a biographical, literary, or historical interest, was in comparative disorder; it could be seen that the classification had been left to the cashier Gudin, a zealous man of business, who assigned the first rank to practical matters. Accordingly, after having disinterred from this chaos the manuscripts of the three dramas and the opera of Beaumarchais, we looked in vain for the manuscripts of the 'Barber of Seville' and 'Marriage of Figaro,' until having caused a locksmith to open a chest, the key of which had been lost, we discovered the two manuscripts at the bottom, beneath a mass of useless papers. At the side were the works of a watch, executed on a large scale in copper, and bearing the following inscription: 'Caron filius ætatis 21 annorum regulatorem invenit et fecit, 1753.' It was the invention with which Beaumarchais, the young watchmaker, made his *début* in life."

Pierre Augustin Caron was born January 24, 1732, in the Rue St. Denis, in Paris. His father was a watchmaker, originally from the Protestant province of Brie, but an abjuration of his ancestral faith was required for the

prosecution of his business at that period. Pierre was the only son, and there were five sisters, of whose history the memoir contains notices. One of them was settled in Madrid, and it was through this that the future author of *The Marriage of Figaro* resided for a time in Spain, and so became familiar with Spanish life. The watchmaker's family seem to have possessed an education and refinement beyond what is usually met with in the Parisian bourgeoisie in our time. M. de Loménie accounts for this by the existence in the eighteenth century of a highly-refined aristocracy about the court, associating much with the trading classes, without mixing up with them, and keeping up a sort of emulation among them in manners and dress, which at the present time has entirely disappeared. The early years of his life Pierre passed as his father's apprentice, not without irregularities of outward conduct betokening his impulsive and eccentric character. At the age of twenty he invented a new system of escapement for watches. The endeavour of a companion to appropriate the discovery led to a dispute, and an appeal to the Academy of Sciences, whose commissioners decided in his favour. This proved the means of his introduction to the notice of the court, as announced by himself in an ingenious advertisement in the 'Mercure,' of June 16, 1755, concluding thus:—

"By this means I make watches as flat as can be desired, flatter than they have ever yet been made, while this advantage does not in any way diminish their goodness. The first of these simplified watches is in the hands of the king; his Majesty has worn it a year, and is very pleased with it. If the first objection can be answered by facts, the second can be replied to in the same manner. I had the honour to present Madame de Pompadour, a few days since, with a watch in a ring, of this new and simplified make—the smallest which has ever been constructed; it is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in height between the plates. To render the thing more convenient, I have substituted for the usual key a hoop all round the dial plate, from which a little hook stands out; by pulling this hook with the nail, about two-thirds round the dial plate, you wind up the watch, and it goes thirty hours. Before taking it to Madame de Pompadour, I saw that it corresponded exactly with my clock which marks the seconds for five days. Accordingly with my escapement, and my mode of construction, excellent watches can be made as flat and as small as may be thought fit.

"I have the honour, &c.

"CARON the Younger,

"Watchmaker to the King."

Numerous orders for watches were given by the courtiers, and in executing these a new career was opened to the young artist. Gudin, in the unpublished memoir of his life, says at this period:—

"As soon as Beaumarchais appeared at Versailles, the women were struck with his lofty stature, his slender and elegant figure, the regularity of his features, his bright animated complexion, his confident bearing, that air of command which seemed to raise him above all who surrounded him, and finally, with that involuntary ardour which he exhibited on their appearance."

One lady who had seen him at Versailles, called at his shop in Paris on pretext of bringing a watch to repair:—

"She was not exactly a noble lady, she was the wife of an officer of the king's pantry, *contrôleur de la bouche*, or, to be more dignified and more exact, of a *contrôleur clerc d'office de la maison du roi*, who, by the way, had the same Christian name as Beaumarchais, being called Pierre Augustin

Franquet. The office held by the husband was one of the thousand functions attached to the court, which our kings used to create formerly, when they were in want of money, and which, when they had once been sold, could be transmitted by the holder to heirs or to other purchasers, if the prince gave his consent. It is with reference to this that Montesquieu says in his 'Lettres Persanes,' 'The King of France has no gold mines like the King of Spain, his neighbour; but he has far greater wealth in the vanity of his subjects, which is more inexhaustible than any mine. He has been known to undertake or continue a war without any resources but the titles of honour which he had to sell, and, owing to a miracle of human conceit, his troops were paid, his towns fortified, and his fleet equipped.' Those who would wish to form an idea of the immense variety of these court places, have only to consult one of the almanacks which were published before the Revolution, under the title of 'Almanac de Versailles'; they will find all sorts of burlesque offices, such as Cravat-tyer in Ordinary to the King, or Captain of the Greyhounds of the Chamber, which had probably cost more money than they gave work to the holders."

The controller whose wife had taken notice of the young watchmaker was old and infirm. A few months after he was induced to retire, and Caron was invested with the office. This was in November, 1755. In January, 1756, the old controller died, and in November Caron married the widow. Then for the first time he assumed the name of Beaumarchais which he was to render so celebrated:—

"The manuscript of Gudin tells us that this pretty name was borrowed from a very small fief belonging to young Caron's wife. I do not know exactly where this very small fief was situate; I am ignorant whether it was a *fief servant*, for a *fief de hanbert*, or simply a fief of the imagination; it is, however, certain that this event supplied the judge Goëzman with the only tolerable piece of pleasantry which his 'Memorials against Beaumarchais' contain, where he says: 'M. Caron borrowed the name of Beaumarchais from one of his wives, and lent it to one of his sisters.'"

Taste for music, as well as skill in watch-making, recommended Beaumarchais to Royal favour. He used to give lessons to the four young princesses, and either composed or purchased all the music that they performed. In the private parties of the Royal family he was a welcome guest, where there was none of the tiresome etiquette of the court life:—

"One day Louis XV., being anxious to hear him play the harp, offered him his own arm-chair, and forced him to sit down in it in spite of his refusals. On another occasion the dauphin, with whose austere disposition Beaumarchais was acquainted, and to whom he accordingly addressed remarks which princes of that period were not accustomed to hear, said of him, 'He is the only man who speaks the truth to me.' This was quite enough to set all the men who were suffering from wounded vanity against a musician who had attained so high a position, and who a few years previously had been seen coming to court with watches to sell."

One story is well known, in which the repulse of an adversary is recorded:—

"A courtier, who had boasted that he would disconcert the protégé of 'Mesdames de France,' met him in the midst of a numerous group, just as he was coming out of the princesses' apartment arrayed in his court suit, and said, as he handed him a very fine watch: 'Sir, as you understand watchmaking, I wish you would have the kindness to examine my watch; it is out of order.' 'Sir,' replied Beaumarchais calmly, 'since I have ceased to practise the art, I have become very inexpert.' 'Oh sir, do not refuse me the favour I ask.' 'Very well: but I give you notice that I have become

very awkward.' Then, taking the watch, he opened it, raised it in the air, and pretending to examine it let it fall to the ground. Upon which he made a low bow to the proprietor of the watch, saying, 'I had warned you, sir, of my extreme awkwardness.' He then walked away, leaving the nobleman to pick up the remains of his watch."

The acquaintance of M. Paris du Verney, the great financier, was the commencement of a new career of ambition. Verney had boundless wealth, and longed for Royal patronage. He had for years tried to get the Royal family to visit the Ecole Militaire, in the Champ de Mars, of which he was the founder and the *intendant*. Beaumarchais contrived to take Louis XV. and his daughters to inspect the school, and thus gratified the wishes of old Du Verney. Grateful for this service, the old financier put his protégé in the way of making a vast fortune. The details of these schemes, and the successive advancements of Beaumarchais at court, the reader must learn from the Memoirs. More interesting to the literary reader are the chapters which relate to his sojourn in Spain, whither he had gone on a love affair on behalf of Julie Caron, who had accompanied her married sister to Madrid. The romantic affair is well known, Clavijo, the injurer of Julie Caron, having been gibbeted on the stage by Goëthe as a melodramatic villain. Beaumarchais had left Paris to avenge his sister, but he made good use of his time for his own advantage:—

"Among the papers relating to Spanish affairs are found letters from the Ambassador of England, Lord Rochford, which prove that the young and brilliant Frenchman was really the most popular man of the diplomatic corps in Madrid. His Parisian liveliness put all this somewhat formal world in movement; Lord Rochford is full of him; goes to the Prado with him; sups with him; sings duets with him; and becomes quite jovial for an English diplomatist."

In a long letter to the Duke de la Vallière, Beaumarchais writes about the administration, politics, and manners of Spain. Of the drama he thus writes:—

"The Spanish theatre is at least two centuries younger than ours; both as regards decency and the plays themselves, they may figure with propriety by the side of those of Hardy and his contemporaries. Their music, on the other hand, may be ranked immediately after the beautiful Italian music, and before our own. The warmth and gaiety of the interludes, all in music, with which they divide the wearisome acts of their insipid dramas, very often compensate for the *ennui* which is produced by listening to them. They are called *tonadillas* or *saynètes*. Dancing is absolutely unknown here. I speak of figure dancing, for I cannot honour with this name the grotesque and often indecent movements of the Moorish dances, and those of Grenada, which constitute the delight of the people."

A lawsuit arising out of the connexion of Beaumarchais with Du Verney, was the source at once of his greatest troubles and his widest celebrity. In the main cause his adversary, the Count de la Blache, got a judgment in his favour, but it was a secondary suit against the wife of the judge, M. Goëzman, which became the most important in the history of Beaumarchais. The substance of the affair may be gathered from the following passage in the narrative of the biographer:—

"There was a librarian named Lejay, who sold the works of M. Goëzman, and received the visits of his wife. This librarian, who did not know Beaumarchais, hearing from a mutual friend that he was in despair at not being able to gain access

to the reporter, informed him that the only means of obtaining audiences from, and insuring the equity of the judge who had to prepare the report, was by making a present to his wife, and he accordingly asked for 200 louis to give her. Beaumarchais gave 100 louis, and a watch adorned with diamonds of equal value; Madame Goëzman wanted fifteen louis more, which she said were for her husband's secretary. The fifteen louis were sent; the lady declared to Lejay, that if Beaumarchais lost his action, all he gave would be restored to him, except the fifteen louis, which in any case would remain the property of the secretary. The day afterwards, Beaumarchais obtained an audience from the reporter Goëzman; two days after that, this judge decided against him. Madame Goëzman returned faithfully the hundred louis and the watch; but Beaumarchais having inquired of the secretary, to whom in the course of the trial he had already given ten louis, whether he had received in addition fifteen louis from Madame Goëzman, ascertained that she had given nothing to him, and that the fifteen louis had remained in her pocket. Irritated already by the loss of an action which was equally important to his fortune and his honour, he disapproved of Madame Goëzman indulging in so dishonest a speculation, and decided to write to her and claim the fifteen louis. This was a grave step; for if the councillor's wife refused to restore the money and denied having received it, if Beaumarchais insisted upon having it, and if the affair made a noise, a very dangerous quarrel might arise out of it. But the step with its dangers also presented its advantages: persuaded, with or without reason, that the Count de la Blache had given more money than himself to the councillor Goëzman, Beaumarchais in meeting the danger of a personal dispute with this magistrate, hoped to convict him of venality, and thus with greater ease get the judgment which had been made upon his report annulled. What he had foreseen took place: Madame Goëzman, obliged either to admit the misappropriation of the fifteen louis, and restore them, or to deny that she had received them, took the latter course. She declared loudly that presents had been offered to her by Beaumarchais, with a view of gaining her husband's interest; but that she had refused his criminal offer. Goëzman interfered, and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as guilty of having calumniated the wife of a judge, after having vainly endeavoured to corrupt her, and through her to corrupt her husband."

The trial was a long and complicated business, and it was no easy task for Beaumarchais to confound his adversaries without appearing himself guilty of bribery. It was in the course of this trial that he published his celebrated Memorials against Goëzman, which are classic pieces in French literature. Pascal's Provincial letters did not produce more excitement than these Memorials did on their appearance:—

"In the absence of more important events, the eyes of all Paris, France, we may even say Europe, were fixed upon Beaumarchais and his law-suit. It is known with what ardent curiosity and interest Voltaire followed this affair from his retreat at Ferney. Although he had at first sided with the chancellor Maupeou, he now deserted the ministerial flag, and underwent the influence of Beaumarchais' Memorials. 'What a man!' he writes to D'Alembert; 'he unites everything—humour, seriousness, argument, gaiety, force, pathos, every kind of eloquence, and he seeks for none, and he confounds all his adversaries, and he gives lessons to his judges. His naïveté enchants me. I forgive him his imprudence and his petulance.' 'I am afraid,' he says elsewhere, 'that this brilliant, hair-brained fellow is at bottom right in spite of every one. What roguery, oh heaven! What horrors! What degradation in the country! What a shock for the Parliament!' The phlegmatic Horace Walpole, although less affected than Voltaire, also yields to the influence of the Memorials. 'I have received

he writes to Madame du Deffand, 'Beaumarchais' 'Memorials'; 'I am at the third volume, and they amuse me very much. The man is very skilful; he reasons correctly, and has a great deal of wit; his pleasantry is sometimes very good; but he delights in it too much. In fine, I can understand, considering the party spirit at present among you, this affair causing a great sensation. I was forgetting to tell you with what horror your mode of administering justice struck me. Is there a country in the world, in which this Madame Goëzman would not have been severely punished? Her deposition is shameless to a fearful extent. Are persons allowed then with you to lie, to prevaricate, to contradict themselves, to abuse their opponents in so desperate a manner? What has become of this creature and her villainous husband? Answer me, I beseech you!'

"In Germany, the effect was not less than in England. Goëthe has related to us, himself, how at Frankfort, in a circle where Beaumarchais' Memorials were being read aloud, a young girl gave him the idea of transforming the Clavijo episode into a drama. At Paris, the impression they produced was naturally still stronger; Goëzman's adversary had for him not only all the young men and women, but all the former advocates of the ancient Parliament, and all their connexions. Even more, for such was the levity of mind in official regions, that Louis XV. himself found amusement in the work; it made Madame du Barry laugh, and she had 'proverbs' played at her house, in which the confrontation of Madame Goëzman with Beaumarchais was represented on the stage."

The result of this remarkable trial was truly predicted in a *jeu de mot* of the time, alluding to the court to which Goëzman belonged—"Louis Quinze destroyed the old parliament, quinze louis will destroy the new." Public ridicule increased the unpopularity and hastened the downfall of the new court, and the king dying soon after, one of the first acts of Louis XVI. was to restore the old Parliament.

The remainder of the eventful and remarkable history of Beaumarchais we reserve for another notice.

Tracings of Iceland and the Farøe Islands.

By Robert Chambers. W. and R. Chambers.

In June of last year the Danish Governor of Iceland, Count Trampe, was about to return to his little island-kingdom, after a short furlough at Copenhagen, when an intimation was sent to some gentlemen at Edinburgh that the screw gun-boat *Thor*, with a crew of 130 men, under a Captain and four Lieutenants, conveying his Excellency, would touch at Leith, and afford accommodation to a small party of tourists. The number was limited to four, but several gentlemen presenting themselves, the invitation was liberally extended to six. The company included an amateur photographer, bent on taking a few Icelandic heads, and "one or two gentlemen possessing a general knowledge of geology and mineralogy," among whom we may reckon the author of this agreeable narrative. The chief object of Mr. Robert Chambers was to visit the famed hot springs of the Geysers, and be present if possible at an eruption. The party first touched at the Farøe Islands. Thorshavn, the principal town of this group, was reached on the third day from Leith, and curiously were the travellers impressed with its littleness, and the odd mixture of a handful of civilised men, stationed here for the government of a few rude and simple natives:—

"It was with the expectation of finding Thorshavn altogether primitive and uncouth that we

accompanied the captain on shore. There was no harbour or quay, nothing more than a small wooden landing-place for the fishing-boats, which seemed the only craft connected with the town. We found ourselves amidst black rocks covered with split fish and drying-nets, under gaze of a crowd of all ages and sexes, who evidently gave full return for the compliment of our wonder. When men meet, however, as strangers in very remote and unusual scenes, they feel that they cannot affect the same indifference to each other as when they encounter in crowded cities. Hence it was, I suppose, that the Thorshavn populace and the officers and passengers of the *Thor* were impelled to salute each other with rather ceremonious bows and takings off of hats and cowls. The men were in general fair-complexioned, middle-sized, robust figures, clad in loose frieze-jackets, coarse blue cloth trousers coming only below the knee, gray woollen stockings, and lamb-skin slippers, or brogues; and boys of five years old had a miniature of precisely the same dress. Behold us, then, stepping over the rocks, amidst ancient and fish-like smells, in amongst this curiously gazing multitude, and trying to find a way into their mazy little town. Nothing like a street exists in Thorshavn; not even a lane. The houses are scattered at random amongst the rocks, with merely spaces surrounding them; and it is amongst these spaces, generally narrow, over smooth-faced rocks, and amidst boulders half put aside, that you have to seek a passage from one place to another. Round nearly every house is a black and fetid sewer. There is generally a sub-structure of coarse masonry, over which is a fabric of wood. Most of them are small and stifling, and full of the rudest accommodations; and the women and children who peep from the doors are most unlovesome to look upon. We heard a strange grinding noise in passing a house, and looking in, found a girl busy with a quern or handmill—the primitive engine for preparing meal which is alluded to in the Bible, and is now shown in antiquarian museums of our country as a thing of past ages, but which still flourishes in living use in this outlandish part of the earth. Here and there was an appearance of a small shop; and in front of one or two houses an attempt had been made to render a plot of ground into a sort of garden. The rudeness and simplicity of all outward forms and appearances was a surprise to every one of us. It was rudeness, however, unaccompanied by anything like want or suffering. These cottages were not, like those of the Irish peasantry, or of the lower population of our large cities, scenes of utter destitution. The people have furniture and implements for all their humble needs, however coarse and disgusting; and it is reserved for an advanced civilisation to show humanity in its lowest and most hopeless condition."

Excursions were made on the following day to Nalsöe Island and Eide, and the photographer had a famous field-day in the Governor's court-yard at Thorshavn, assembling around him all the remarkable-looking individuals of both sexes, and exciting their surprise by the fidelity of his likenesses. The *Thor* now steamed through the Westmanns-fjord, passing the islands Hestöe, Kolter, and Vaagöe, and reaching Iceland the following day, dropped anchor in Reikiavik Bay. Here we have a sketch of the town:—

"During this day, while preparations were making for our excursion to the Geysers, we saw what was to be seen in Reikiavik, and formed an acquaintance with some of its inhabitants. I was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr. Sivartson, a retired merchant, who speaks English, and who seemed to feel a pleasure in putting himself at our service. When, after a little conversation, I learned that he had, in youth, forty-five years ago, acted the same friendly part towards Sir George Mackenzie, and had subsequently visited Sir George in Edinburgh, a common ground of feeling

was at once established between us, as I was able to inform him that I had also known that amiable and intelligent gentleman, and was indeed concerned in publishing a second edition of his 'Travels in Iceland.' In this book Mr. Sivartson is very kindly spoken of as a young man, who, in the absence of his father, took on himself the duty of entertaining Sir George and his companions at Havnefjord, where the family then resided. Now—alas for the changes 'that fleeting time procureth!'

"The first place we went to was the church, or rather cathedral—for it is the church of the bishop of Iceland—a handsome modern building, at the back of the town. We found the interior very neat, and even in some degree elegant, with galleries, an organ, and a tolerable painting over the communion-table. The object, however, which gives this church its chief attraction in the eyes of strangers, is a baptismal font carved by Thorvaldsen, and which he presented to Iceland under a feeling for it as the country of his ancestors—his father having been a native of this island. This beautiful work of art is in the form of a low square obelisk, having in front a representation of the baptism of Christ; on the left, one of the Virgin and child, with the infant Baptist at her knee; and on the right, Christ blessing the children; while on the back is a group of angels, surmounting the legend, 'Opus hæc Romæ fecit, et Islandiæ, terræ sibi gentiliacæ, pietatis causâ, donavit Albertus Thorvaldsen, anno MDCCCXXVII.' In the vestry we were shown the fine silk vestments of the bishop and other priests, including one with superb decorations which had been sent to the bishop so long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century by Pope Julius II. This was the same holy father to whom James IV. of Scotland was indebted for the grand sword of state which still figures amongst our national regalia. It was interesting to trace, in the ornaments of this robe, the same style of workmanship which is to be observed in the sword."

"In a well-lighted apartment, under the roof of the church, is kept the public library of Reikiavik, consisting of two or three thousand books, Danish, Icelandic, and English, many of them being presents sent from a distance. I could not find any remarkable old books or manuscripts in this establishment; it seemed to be chiefly designed for popular use. The inhabitants of the town are allowed to have books from it for a dollar (2s. 6d.) each per annum, and about sixty take advantage of the privilege. I observed several of Mr. Dickens's novels, some of Marryat's, a copy of Hume and Smollett, two of Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature,' and some of the publications of the United States' Government."

"We next went to see the school, which is a long goody building situated on a slope to the east of the town. To find in an island of 200 miles in linear extent, and containing 60,000 inhabitants, strictly speaking, but one public seat of education of any kind, is somewhat startling to a stranger. Such is the fact. There is not, and never has been, one juvenile seminary in Iceland, and this simply because the population is too scattered to admit of any such arrangement. The father teaches his children by the winter fireside; they teach their children again; and such is the only education which the bulk of the people obtain. Strange to say, they all read, and have, generally speaking, a taste for reading; and few English or Scotchmen write so neatly as these islanders do. The school at Reikiavik is an establishment for advancing the education of a select number of the youth of Iceland. About sixty lads between the ages of fourteen and eighteen attend it, most of them having a view to the learned professions. It is, however, only a kind of gymnasium or academy; and those who desire the special instructions fitting them to be priests, lawyers, or medical men, must pass to the university of Copenhagen. I found a suite of good class-rooms for the various branches, the Danish, French, and English languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, &c.; a set of dormitories for a certain number of the pupils—the rest living with friends in the town;

and cabinets containing minerals and zoological specimens. The whole establishment seemed to be satisfactory in every respect but that of ventilation. The superintending rector, Mr. Jonson, is obviously a man of vigorous intellect and good acquirements. As the establishment is supported by the Danish Government, no fees are charged; and it of course becomes necessary to admit to it only such youth as can give assurance of turning its instructions to good account."

Extremely interesting is Mr. Chambers' account of the literary doings of this little insular community:—

"The zealous cultivation of literature in Iceland during the last six centuries, and its remarkable productions, the sagas and eddas—histories and romantic poems—have excited the interest of all visitors. I am free to own that I can form no image of literary life more touching, or more calculated to call forth respect and veneration, than that of such a man as the Icelandic priest Thorlakson, who produced a beautiful translation of 'Paradise Lost,' and many original works of distinguished merit, in the small inner room of a mere cottage which formed his parsonage, while his family concerns were going on in an equally small outer apartment, and his entire annual income did not exceed what is often given in England for the writing of an article in a magazine. Inquiry regarding the present state of literature in Iceland was a matter of course. So far as I could learn, the love of letters is still a more vivid passion in Iceland than the circumstances of the country would lead one to expect. I had much pleasure in looking over Mr. Thordarson's printing-office in Reikiavik, where I found two presses of improved construction, and saw in progress an Icelandic translation of the 'Odyssey,' by Mr. Egilsson, late president of the college, whose son, I was told, is also giving promise of being a good poet. The list of books printed and published by Mr. Thordarson would surprise any one who thinks only of Iceland as a rude country half buried in arctic snows. He is also the publisher of two out of the three native newspapers produced in Iceland—the 'Ingolfur,' and 'Thiodolfur.' An Iceland newspaper, I may remark, is a small quarto sheet, like the English newspapers of the seventeenth century, produced at irregular intervals, and sometimes consisting of two, sometimes of four leaves, according as the abundance of intelligence may determine. In a country where there are no roads and no posts, that there should be newspapers of any kind, is gratifying. I regret, however, to say that they are described as of a violent malcontent complexion."

The visit of the party to Reikiavik was fitly terminated by a *soirée dansante*:—

"In the evening there was a ball at the governor's house, for the entertainment of the officers and passengers of the *Thor*. I went, full of curiosity regarding the social life of this remote part of the world, and in hope of seeing some of the picturesque female costumes which are depicted in the works of Icelandic travellers. The governor's house is a long building of two stories, the lower containing a suite of three apartments, neatly furnished. The count in his uniform, and his countess, an elegant woman scarcely past the bloom of life, received the company with much kindness. Two or three stripling sons, and one or two of less ripe age, were present. As we approached the house, we observed groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, some of the latter in uniforms, making their way under umbrellas along the streets, there being no sort of vehicle to carry about the gay in this part of the earth. The scene reminded me of what I have often witnessed among the beau-monde of a Scotch university town, where, vehicles being nearly as completely wanting, ladies are fain to turn up the skirts of their gowns and cover their heads with bonnet-strings, while trooping along under the rain to a party. I was disappointed, however, of seeing any ladies in the costume once peculiar to Iceland. It is now only to be seen upon a few elderly ladies living in re-

mote country situations. The ladies who attended this ball were all well dressed in the French or English fashion; many of them in white muslin, others in silk. It struck me that an unusually large proportion of them were little women. As is customary in the north of Europe generally, the ladies assembled in a room by themselves; and it was not till a large portion of the company had arrived, and coffee had been handed about, that a pair of folding-doors were thrown open, and the gentlemen were admitted to ask partners for dancing. Music being furnished by a servant from a Parisian hand-organ of superior construction, which stood in a corner of the room, dancing began, and was kept up for several hours with unflagging spirit, even by those who had next day to commence the long and fatiguing journey to the Geysers."

The journey to the Geysers, a two-days' ride, across dismal moors and rocky promontories, was dull enough in respect of scenery; but the cavalcade, with guides, baggage, and as many as forty horses, afforded plenty of excitement. The Great Geyser, in its calm intervals, presents a circular pool of water, about seventy-two feet in diameter, apparently near boiling heat in the centre, and about 188 Fahrenheit at the edge. No eruption took place the day of the arrival of the party, but early on the morrow Mr. Chambers' curiosity was gratified:—

"Having now lost nearly all hope of seeing an eruption, I retired once more to our sleeping-chamber, and lay down again. At six, I once more rose, and went up to the field of the Geysers, contemplating nothing but to make a few preparations for our journey. As I approached, behold an immense quantity of steam fills the air! There are hurried cries from one or two persons. To my delighted surprise, the Great Geyser is actually engaged in one of its eruptions! I got to the spot just in time to see it at the height of the paroxysm."

"The prominent object before me—the ground of the spectacle, as an artist might call it—was the vast effusion of steam covering the place, and rolling away under a varying wind. It was only on coming pretty near, and getting to windward, that I caught the sight of a multitude of jets of water darting in outward curves, as from a centre, through amidst this steam-cloud, glittering in the sunshine for a moment, and then falling in heavy plash all over the incrustum mount. It seemed to me—though the circumstances are certainly not favourable for an accurate estimate—that these jets rose about sixty or seventy feet above the basin. Three or four of our party looked on excitedly from a little distance beyond the reach of the water, but half-concealed amidst the steam. It went on jetting thus at brief intervals for a few minutes, and then gradually ceased. When I could venture up to the brim of the basin, I found the water sunk down a few feet in the funnel; so I was able descend into that beautiful chased and flowery chalice, and break off a few specimens of its inner lining, now partially dry by reason of the heat communicated from below. The rest of the farmhouse-party came one after another upon the ground, to express their vexation at so narrowly missing this fine spectacle, as well as that of the preceding evening."

"When one contrasts the terrific violence of the explosion, lasting as it does only a few minutes, and usually occurring but once in one or two days, with the tranquillity manifested by the Geyser at other times, it becomes a curious question how such explosions take place. Sir George Mackenzie's theory is, that steam is gathered in some cavernous recess connected with the subterranean channels through which the water rises; and that when it has accumulated there till such time as the pressure overcomes the resistance, it bursts forth through the tube, carrying the water before it, and tossing it high into the air. Professor Bunsen, who spent eleven days beside the Geyser in 1846, has announced another theory, founded on

the changes which take place in water after being long subjected to heat. In these circumstances, water loses much of the air contained in it; the cohesion of its molecules is greatly increased, and a higher temperature is required to boil it. When water in this state is brought to the boil, the production of vapour is so instantaneous and so considerable, as to cause an explosion. Now, it has been found that the water of the Great Geyser at the bottom of the tube has a temperature higher than that of ordinary boiling water, and this goes on increasing till an eruption takes place, immediately before which it has been found so high as 261 degrees Fahrenheit."

Hecla was seen at a distance of thirty miles, but not visited. No volcanic action has been observed in it for nearly ten years, and a dangerous and unbridged river presented rather a barrier to its approach. The party returned to Leith well pleased with their expedition, and full of gratitude to Captain Raffenberg, of H.D.M.S. *Thor*, for his pleasant company and assistance.

Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843. From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. 2 vols. Constable and Co.

[Second Notice.]

AFTER the peace of 1815, we find the business again restored to prosperity, and Perthes entering on new speculations with enthusiasm. One great object which he had at heart was to establish a greater unity of action in the German book trade, and his efforts were directed to the formation of a booksellers' union, for publishing works of national interest. For this purpose he visited most of the chief towns of Germany, and enlisted the leading publishers in the scheme. The motives by which he was influenced appear in the following letter:—

"Since the middle of last century, an intellectual unity has been established among the Germans, such as never existed before: the progress of science, the restoration of our language, and the existence of a common literature, bind all the German races indissolubly together. The geography of the book-trade throws considerable light on the history of this result. Forty years ago, Austria, almost all southern Germany, the Rhenish provinces, and Westphalia, had little correspondence with the book-trade in the rest of Germany, which clearly showed that they were strangers to the fresh, rising literature of the country. That same book-trade has now depôts in all Westphalia; on the Rhine, as far as Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves; in all Bavaria; in Tyrol, as far as Bozen; and in Switzerland: and the prosperity of these establishments is a proof how far German literature has become common property, and a necessary of life. Even the Germans scattered abroad have gathered around the national literature, and contributed to bring foreigners under its influence. As formerly Denmark, Sweden, Courland, and Livonia were included within the circle of German literature, so also now are Poland, Galicia, Transylvania, Hungary, and the Netherlands; three London booksellers, and several in Paris have correspondents in Germany. This intellectual unity of the Germans, embodied in the book-trade, is the spontaneous product of the nation's endeavour, not only unaided, but even opposed by the civil power; and the political bond, with its Diet, may take what form it pleases. I believe that this intellectual bond, with its book-trade, will keep the Germans together, and, if need were, would enable them to make a united and vigorous effort again, such as that of the years 1813-15."

The final result of his efforts appears at a later stage of the biography:—

"The Merchants' Company of German Book-sellers contrived, in 1836, to open its 'Exchange,' to frame its own statutes, and fifteen years later to comprise seventeen hundred members from all parts of Germany. 'For many years,' writes Frommann, 'Perthes, though always declining to act as President, was really the central point in all our deliberations and decisions.'"

For the details of the life of Perthes at Hamburg, the death of his beloved Caroline, his removal to Gotha to succeed his brother Justus, his second marriage, and the studies and pursuits of his later years, we must refer to the biography. Our space only further admits of some detached extracts relating to some of the distinguished men whose names occur in the Memoirs. To begin with Niebuhr. In 1824, Perthes thus writes from Bonn to his partner Besser:—

"For five days I daily spent several hours with him. Our conversation was almost entirely political. Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy; the purer his heart, the deeper his sensibilities, the more he feels the want of some firm support for his soul; he fights with uncertainty and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, only the children bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind; and, in short, the spiritual condition of this remarkable man cuts me to the heart, and his outpourings alternately elevated and horrified me. To see such a heart and mind in the midst of the convulsions of our time gives a deep insight into the machinery of our poor human life. Niebuhr needs a friend who would be a match for him; he has not one such in the world. The wealth of his intellect and the extent of his knowledge are absolutely appalling, but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life. 'I do know and understand the people,' replied he, when I made the above remark to him; 'I read, and inquire, and hear; and my residence abroad has afforded me an impartial point of view.' And yet I maintain he has no knowledge of human nature. One thing I am more and more sure of; men of giant intellect and high imagination are little fitted to govern; the practical man, if he will avail himself of the intellects of others, makes the best minister. A few days after Perthes had left Bonn, Niebuhr wrote to him as follows: 'The unlooked-for pleasure of seeing you again still remains in the form of memory; your visit has awakened the illusion that old times have not quite vanished. And yet they have; and could I become a sceptic, I should begin by denying a man's identity at different epochs of life.' Perthes wrote in reply, 'You yourself would afford me a proof of identity if I needed one. Only look within you, how love has endured, how much you are still the same! Thirty years ago I have seen that very same love shine forth from your whole being, which still has power to melt all the frost, and rub away all the rust of the world.'"

Of Arndt, Professor of History at Bonn, he thus wrote about the same time:—

"Arndt is just what I had pictured him,—sound-hearted, stable, lively and clever in conversation, never wearisome with his etymological and historical derivatives, odd as they often sound. Everywhere the poet peeps out, and it always does one good to hear his just and discriminating views of men, even of those who have done him wrong. His hard fate has left no trace of bitterness in him; and his good heart peeps out through whatever hasty expression he may, on the spur of the moment, utter. The many points of contact afforded us by our past lives soon made us feel intimate. He has been very unjustly treated, and that is Niebuhr's opinion as well as mine. He is an imaginative man, and exciting and stimulating to the young, but that was well known before his appointment, for his whole character as well as his writings are perfectly transparent. And now there he is in a beautifully-situated house, a quarter of

a mile from the town, but without any scope for the exercise of his rare talents."

Schlegel is also described:—

"We had not seen each other for many years. At first Schlegel gave me a stately reception; but old recollections of former meetings soon made him open, tender, and natural in his cordiality. It was in 1793, just after his marriage, that I first saw Schlegel; then we met in 1803 and 1805 in Leipsic and Dresden; in the summer of 1813 I spent some weeks with him; and again, in the December of the same year, we had a very pleasant day in Saalsund in Hanover, with Rehberg, Smidt, Sieveking, and Benjamin Constant. These old pictures having first flitted past us, the political and religious opinions of past days gave way to the present. Schlegel expressed himself very strikingly about the men and the occurrences of our own time.

"Schlegel spoke very openly of his relations with Niebuhr. The latter is so offended with his criticism on his 'Roman History,' that he will not see him. 'Niebuhr,' said Schlegel, 'has no ground for this; no one made such efforts as I to follow him in his investigations in all directions, and this is the highest proof of appreciation and respect. Niebuhr might have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, which he knew to be a part of my nature; but so it is, no one in Germany understands criticism, and so I keep to myself my opinion of Voss's performances, though I could express it in three words.' I begged him to tell me, and he replied, 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakespeare, and a leathern Aristophanes.' Schlegel took me to see his Indian printing-office, and I could not but admire the simplicity and practical wisdom of his arrangements; indeed on this occasion I saw nothing but the good side of his character. His faults are better known than those of most of us, and every one speaks of his incredible vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. He has always been distinguished for strict conscientiousness in all affairs of business, and now he is firmly attached to Bonn, and a regular and active life may still further improve him. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated or tempted by a sally of wit."

The reader will be struck with the remarks on Napoleon, suggested by the perusal of the memoirs of Las Cases:—

"I owe you many thanks for having pointed out 'Las Cases' to me; it is indeed a remarkable book, because of its historical disclosures, but still more because of the light thrown upon Napoleon, and through him upon the workings in our own breast. Napoleon's conversations at St. Helena are like his whole former life, filled with contradictions. He holds legitimacy to be a necessity, and yet seizes at the crown by force; he seeks to do away with class differences, and yet bows low before the aristocracy; he intensely despises the French, and yet considers it the highest earthly honour to be born a Frenchman; he abhors England, but believes France and England united could sway the world; he has completely done with life, and yet his fancy is ceaselessly occupied in devising means of regaining freedom; he is filled with the loftiest pride, and yet tortured by the lowest vanity. But this does not involve falsehood, each of these contradictory moods being for the time earnest and true. Napoleon was not like Frederick the Great, the same at all times, a distinct personality asserting itself equally under all varieties of external circumstance. Napoleon was rather whatever some inward impulse or some outward impression might for the moment make him. Like Goethe, he was constrained to give form and shape to whatever he was feeling at the time; his changing mood expressing itself not in poetry but in bulletins and notes; his passionate feelings not in romances and dramas, but in battles and diplomatic negotiations. But he was always for the time what he appeared to be, and was powerful and influential because he always believed in the truth or the falsehood that he spoke or acted. His life is not

a lie, but an epic poem, as he himself said. To realize what he did, required a wonderful compound of icy coldness and glowing passion, of keen calculating reason and fervid imagination, of energetic rashness and most enduring perseverance. Now, we certainly do see in his journal that Napoleon was thoroughly human, but poetry loses nothing by that; on the contrary, the appearance on history's stage of so colossal a personality with human attributes, makes our prosaic time poetic. I feel deep compassion for Napoleon as an unhappy man. Did retributive justice ever strike more severely? Have you duly pictured to yourself Napoleon's position at St. Helena? It is horrible, and unmitigated by prayer and Christian resignation. We find doubts entertained as to the calling of the Catholic Church to be the medium of spiritual life, doubts which sprang from the complete want of Christian faith in Napoleon and his tools. No reformation, and no external pressure, had weakened in France and Italy the dominion and influence of the Catholic Church; and, nevertheless, the tremendous convulsions that agitated those countries, as well as all the men who took a part in public events, are totally uninfluenced by Christianity. Las Cases brings this out very prominently. I find innumerable important views and expressions of Napoleon in his journal, many of which had crossed my own head and heart. The valet-de-chambre, Las Cases, is the comic character in the drama, made up as he is of the respective vanities of Frenchman, courtier, and author, but still a worthy and well-informed man, and a clever fellow to boot."

Passing to the closing chapter of the work, the notices of the Coburg family, as seen by Perthes at Gotha, will interest English readers:—

"It was in 1836, when the Coburg Princes came to Gotha, in order to conclude the marriage of the Prince Ferdinand Augustus with the Queen of Portugal, that he saw them first. In the January of that year he writes: 'A few days ago I was dining with the old Duchess; both the princes were there—fine, tall, handsome youths, fresh, healthy, and full of spirits, to which they gave free scope as soon as they were out of their grandmother's sight. Prince Ferdinand, the future King of Portugal, has a noble profile, but he is still a thorough child: the poor slender fir-tree has to be transplanted to a hot soil; perhaps his very childishness is in his favour.' In 1839, Perthes writes: 'Late in the summer, the ducal household came to Reinhardsbrunn, and with them the Crown Prince from Dresden, and Prince Albert from Italy. Their father has good reason to be proud of them both. The arduous, frankness, and healthy judgment of the Crown Prince delighted me uncommonly; Prince Albert, without doubt, a highly gifted and thoroughly cultivated young man; handsome and elegant, courteous and benevolent. His thoughtful, cautious temperament will lessen the difficulties of his future position. We have the Duke of Meiningen, too, and the King of Saxony; and sometimes no fewer than fourteen princes go out hunting together. These meetings between the house of Saxony and the neighbouring princes should oftener take place. Taken together, they are not without significance in German relations, and these wise, restless Coburgs will tell upon Europe too: they do not indeed, form any very comprehensive plans, but they know, as few men and princes do, how to seize the passing opportunity, and use the present moment. They have already secured the thrones of England, Belgium, and Portugal for their own house, and they have an eye on those of Spain and France as well.'"

"In 1840 we find Perthes writing: 'The winter months of this year have been made interesting and exciting by the chapter of history which has been enacted here; for, at the approach of the English wedding, the Ducal Papa bound the garter round his boy's knee amidst the roar of a hundred and one cannon. The earnestness and gravity with which the Prince has obeyed

this early call to take a European position give him dignity and standing in spite of his youth, and increase the charm of his whole aspect. Queen Victoria will find him the right sort of man; and unless some unlucky fatality interpose, he is sure to become the idol of the English nation, silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe. Perhaps I may live to see the beginning of this career.

Much is said in the course of the Memoirs of the religious views and experience of Perthes. The result is summed up in the following extract from one of his latest letters:—

"My Christianity becomes each year more simple. That not to love God is sin, and that to love Him again constitutes deliverance from sin; this as infinite truth, this as the solution of every problem, has been transmitted from the Bible to my spiritual life. Christianity is thoroughly practical in its nature. Scientific inquiries and absorption of the soul in religious emotion, are of themselves little worth. I learn more and more to discern the Divine wisdom, which has set limits to revelation; all that we need for our happiness is given us, and were the curtain lifted further from holy mysteries, man's utter bewilderment would be hopeless."

In May, 1843, he died in peace, after a life of laborious and honourable usefulness. His influence for good in his fatherland has been far greater than that of many who have occupied a large space in its public annals. And this influence the Memoirs by his son, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn, cannot fail to extend and perpetuate. It is a book rich in experience of life, and abounding in lessons of practical wisdom, as well as interesting from the variety of information that it contains.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- The Census of Ireland for the Year 1851. Part VI. General Report.* Thorne and Sons.
Histoire de la Révolution Française. Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome huitième. Paris: Langlois et Leclercq.
The Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland. By Robert Ferguson. Longman and Co.
On the Composition of Food, and How it is Adulterated, with Practical Directions for its Analysis. By W. Marcelet, M.D., F.R.S., Churchill.
The Science of Mind; or, Pneumatology. Vol. I. Longman and Co.
The Communion of Labour: a Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. Longman and Co.
Arthur Brandon: a Novel. In 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.
The Hills of the Shetlands. By the Author of 'The Wide, Wide World.' Low, Son, and Co.
Eden of Ayr; or, the Soldier's Wife. By Charles Neill. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author.
The Handbook of Assurance, with Hints, Legal and Practical, and Characteristics of every Company. By a Solicitor. Dean and Son.
The History of France, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Part IV. By Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. The London Printing and Publishing Company.
Manchester Papers: a Series of occasional Essays. Vol. I. Whittaker and Co.

THE Report of the Census of Ireland, in 1851, is now completed by the publication of the Sixth Part and Tenth Volume, a huge blue book of more than seven hundred pages. This volume commences with the General Report of the Commissioners. After describing the forms and agencies used in taking the Census, the Commissioners give the results of the inquiry as to the territorial divisions, the economic distribution of surface, the amount of population, houses, families, occupations, education, marriages, Irish speaking population, the sick, deaths, parliamentary boroughs, migration, and emigration. Such are the heads under which Mr. Donnelly, the Registrar-General and Chief Commissioner, and Mr. Wilde, the Assistant Commissioner, present the summary of their Report to the Lord-Lieutenant. The number of inhabitants, on the 30th of March, 1851, was 6,552,385. In 1841, it was 8,175,124. The decrease still continues, an estimate in 1855 showing the popula-

tion to be not more than 6,000,000. Notwithstanding this decrease, the result of famine, disease, and emigration, the Commissioners conclude their Report in a strain of gratulation on the general advancement of the country. "We have shown," they say, "in the course of our observations, that the extent of arable land, and the value of farm stock, have increased since 1841—that the worst class of houses is being replaced by a better—that a smaller proportion of families is dependent on their own manual labour for support—and that the education of the people has favourably progressed." The bulk of the volume is occupied with tabular returns, numerical statistics, and other official documents. The Report of the Census of 1851 will be a record of permanent value in the history of Ireland, and will be of great practical use for purposes of legislation, and for guiding any efforts put forth for the improvement of the country and the amelioration of the people.

There are some points in the new volume of M. Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution which we must not pass without notice, reserving for future review the general merits of the work. The author has now reached the great crisis of the Revolution,—the last struggle between the Girondins and the Mountain, the execution of the King, the war in La Vendée, and the Reign of Terror. A more exciting series of events could scarcely be compressed into a single volume, and they are narrated in a style worthy of the subjects. While M. Louis Blanc maintains his tone of sympathy with the leaders of the Revolution, the manner in which he relates the sad story of the death of Louis XVI. is creditable to his heart, and reveals a kindness of feeling scarcely consistent with the principles of which he is so eloquent an advocate. How far the murder of the King may be called "l'étonnement et l'admiration de l'histoire," is open to difference of opinion. But there are some matters of detail on which his accuracy as an historian may be called in question. On one of these he has already been put upon his defence—the state of Paris during the King's trial. As to the peaceable state of Paris at this terrible moment, the literal truth of M. Louis Blanc's statements may be admitted; but on a principle similar to that implied in the words of Tacitus—"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant." The calm arose, on the one side, from the exhaustion of intoxicated cruelty, and on the other, from the powerlessness of paralyzed fear. There were but few breasts in which reigned the sort of interpidity which marked the stern republicans who put to death Charles the First. Wild passion characterized the proceedings of the French Convention, and most of the votes on the question of the fate of Louis Capet were given with a theatrical display, which proves how inferior at all events in motive were the Republicans of 1793 to the men who, in the preceding century, supposed that they were vindicating the freedom of the people of England from regal tyranny. The English regicides killed Charles because they considered him a tyrant; the French killed Louis because he was a king. Of more historical importance are the statements of M. Louis Blanc as to the cause of the fall of the Girondins. He wishes to make it appear that Robespierre and his associates were driven to extreme measures by the obstruction they caused to the suppression of the rising in La Vendée. Without now entering into detailed examination of this theory, we simply express our opinion, that the historian has sought to cover with the charitable veil of patriotism, many movements which can only be ascribed to the basest passions of human nature. M. Louis Blanc, in a note, in which he reviews the statements of Lamartine, Michelet, and other historians of the Revolution, speaks with no little complacency of his own researches on the subject of the fall of the Girondins,—one of the points on which he considers he has thrown new and important light. "Ce fait, que les Girondins furent les seuls artisans de leur ruine; que l'agression vint d'eux, et toujours d'eux; qu'ils voulurent éperduement la guerre qui les dévorait; qu'ils ne laisserent pas de choix à la Montagne entre les écraser ou périr, et que la Mon-

tagne ne les frappa qu'avec douleur, par nécessité, pour se sauver et sauver la Révolution; ce fait, si capital, si tragique, si plein d'enseignement, qu'il avait été mis jusqu'à ce jour en pleine lumière, et développé historiquement de façon à dominer le récit de la chute des Girondins?" There may be some ground for calling the History of Lamartine a romance, and "a magnificent epic poem in prose;" but we are convinced that the truth as to the spirit and conduct of the Girondins is to be found in his pages more than in those of M. Louis Blanc. One more historical misrepresentation we must at present point out in this volume. In speaking of a plan for deluging France with forged assignats, proposed by one William Playfair, M. L. Blanc, who cites at length the pamphlet in which the proposal was made, and denounces it as a base scheme, tries to fasten upon the English nation at large the feeling by which it was prompted. "Une des idées que caressait le plus volontiers, à cette époque, la haine des Anglais, était d'inonder la France de faux assignats et de lui faire de la sorte une épouvantable agonie. Nous avons sous les yeux un document autographe d'une importance hideuse: c'est un plan pour fabrication de faux assignats sur une immense échelle, présenté au gouvernement anglais, non par un obscur aventurier, mais par un homme bien connu dans le monde de l'industrie et de la politique, l'Ecossois William Playfair. . . . Que ceux-là qui maudissent la Révolution pour la manière dont elle se défendit, se souviennent à jamais de la manière dont elle fut attaquée." M. Louis Blanc supposes that the author of this plan was the Scottish philosopher, the celebrated professor in the University of Edinburgh. His name was John Playfair. Whatever may be thought of the scheme itself, we hope M. Louis Blanc will correct this error, in which he confounds "an obscure adventurer" with a man holding so high a position and character as Professor Playfair, who, we may inform him, like his illustrious colleague, Dugald Stewart, was not a supporter of Pitt, or of his policy.

Of the work by Mr. Ferguson, on the Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland, a subject interesting to antiquarians and philologists, we will give a notice next week.

Dr. Marcelet's treatise on Food and its Adulteration is the most systematic scientific work that has yet been published on the subject. Making use of the materials collected by Dr. Hassall, Dr. Leithy, and other experimentalists and reporters, Dr. Marcelet has presented all the leading facts ascertained on the subject, both as regards the actual composition of articles in the market or in common use, and the best modes of examination and analysis. The arrangement of the book is somewhat arbitrary, but sufficient for clearness and convenient for reference. The articles are classed under the following heads in separate chapters:—1. Farinaceous and Saccharine Food and its adulterations. 2. Spices and their adulterations. 3. Other vegetable food, including tea, coffee, sauces, olive oil. 4. Fermented beverages. 5. Animal food—meat, flesh, milk. 6. Mineral or inorganic substances—water and salt. 7. Preserved food. In the last chapter an account is given of the various processes of preservation,—by cold, exclusion of air, drying, salting, smoking, sugar, and vinegar. The plan of Dr. Verdeil, of Paris, by direct drying, is described as by far the best, and its efficiency was amply tested in the supplies sent to the French army during the Crimean war. The microscopical as well as the chemical tests of food are fully described in Dr. Marcelet's book, which is illustrated by engravings.

Volume the First of a treatise on the Science of Mind, or Pneumatology, is chiefly occupied with an elaborate statement and minute discussion of the facts of sensation. The author is more industrious in collecting facts than skillful in the exposition of principles. Many readers will be bewildered with the multiplicity of details about the phenomena of sensation; but those who are already versed in physiological and pneumatological studies will be grateful to the author for collecting an immense store of curious facts, along with extracts

(with accurate references) from the principal writers who have before treated of the subject. As a book of reference, the work may be useful in many libraries. There are some interesting chapters on the actions, voluntary and involuntary, of the human body, including essays on the usual occupations of mankind, the use of instruments to assist the hand, and other natural organs and members, and the employment of the powers of matter under the control of the will and art of man.

Mrs. Jameson's treatise on the Communion of Labour is supplementary to her former lecture on the social employments of women, entitled 'Sisters of Charity at Home and Abroad.' Following out this subject, the benevolent authoress narrates many additional facts as to hospitals and other institutions on the Continent, in which advantage is taken of the voluntary or indirectly recompensed services of female attendants. Mrs. Jameson insists, in the present lecture, on the need of a sound practical education for women of the middle and lower classes, preparatory to the duties and business of real life. Of the hundreds of women who offered themselves to be sent as hired nurses to the East, not a tenth part were found fit for the work, and more than half of those selected proved useless when there.

"The ignorance, the incompetency, the slowness of the unexercised reasoning powers; the want of judgment and of thought which made it impossible for them to direct, the violent insubordinate tempers which made it impossible for them to obey, rendered them the plague of the authorities. Their degraded habits made them unfit to be trusted in the men's hospitals. They were drunken as well as dissolute, and the lady nurses felt themselves disgraced as Englishwomen and Christians in the eyes of the stranger and unbeliever. This was the case with two-thirds of the hired nurses, and with almost all the soldiers' wives, very few of whom I believe were found available for any useful purpose. These women had all been in schools of one sort or another—national schools, Sunday schools—and this was the result." Mrs. Jameson closes her lecture with earnest appeals to those who have influence, to organize female labour. Her suggestions are not very clear, but she urges strenuously "that most indispensable yet hardly acknowledged truth, that at the core of all social reformation, as a necessary condition of health and permanency in all human institutions, lies the working of the man and the woman together, in mutual trust, love, and reverence." The statements about the present social position and occupations of women are worthy of attentive consideration.

Arthur Brandon is an amusing novel, with exceptional characters and improbable incidents, and chiefly characterized by its rattling off-hand style. The scenes are mostly laid in London and in Rome. The reader will be entertained with many of the incidents of the novel, but neither the hero nor any of the numerous personages of the story will leave much impression on the memory.

Next to Mrs. Stowe, the author of 'The Wide World' is the most popular American novelist of the day, and her new story, *The Hills of the Shatemuc*, will be hailed with pleasure by a large circle of readers in this country. To our taste the prolixity of style is excessive, but readers with more leisure do not complain of this, and there is a charm in the representations of American life and American scenery, which sustain the interest in a story, the length of which would be found unmanageable if the scenes were laid on the more familiar soil of England. Ordinary people and common incidents have some attractiveness among "the hills of the Shatemuc."

The *Handbook of Assurance* is a publication of a very useful kind, and is the first attempt to establish an assurance directory for popular information and general reference. It consists of a dictionary of terms, with explanations and illustrations of all the words in ordinary use in this department of social economy. Much information of a practical kind is conveyed in this series of detached articles, which are intended for the public perusal, and not for professional actuaries and others for

whom most works on insurance have hitherto been prepared. A list of insurance offices is appended, with brief indications of the principles on which they are founded, and means for judging of their soundness and stability. Although professing to be in the interest of no individual society, a special recommendation of one is ingeniously introduced.

Mr. Wright has brought down the History of France, in the fourth part of his work, to the time of the wars of Edward III. Of the merits of the work we have formerly spoken. The footnotes contain some interesting archaeological illustrations of the text.

The subjects of the occasional essays in the Manchester Papers for September, 1856, are 'The Philosophy of Music,' by A. G. Henderson; 'Our Working-classes,' by Joseph Booth; and the 'Art Treasure Exhibition,' by J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., treating of the objects and advantages of the proposed exposition. The spirit which the men of Manchester have always displayed in matters of social improvement justifies the tone in which Mr. Hammersley speaks of an event for which preparations are now making in the commercial metropolis. "The world has seen great exhibitions of industry, or of fine and industrial art combined; it has had its Great Exhibition of 1851; its Mixed Exhibition in Dublin; the Exhibition at Birmingham; crossing the Atlantic, the Exhibition in New York; and the recent Exhibition in Paris. But it is not to be overlooked that the first exhibition of this character, small though it was, was held in Manchester. The exhibition that introduced the movement—a movement of vastest importance—was held in the Royal Manchester Institution years ago, and had its birth with those who are now suggesting the climax of all past exhibitions. We are perfectly aware that this little exhibition was a very trifling matter, and moreover, that it was not an original idea. We are perfectly aware that Paris has had its industrial exhibitions, at quinquennial intervals, for a long period. Still Manchester broke ground in this matter in Great Britain, and as such, has some claim to honour, and exhibits a fitness and propriety in now making the further and larger proposal to found a collection of Art Treasures of the Nation. But Manchester has other claims still to this fitness. Manchester has built one of the finest art galleries in the kingdom, and has arranged to found a permanent gallery of pictures and sculpture. However lamentably insignificant this collection may be, the fact is patent to all that the attempt has been made, and that by Manchester men, who love art for its own sake, and who seek to distribute the delight which it affords. Manchester establishes yet another claim to be the first to move in the great undertaking proposed. There was no country in Europe twenty years ago that had so little machinery for art education. Notoriously there were but three institutions in Great Britain receiving public assistance that proposed to instruct the incipient artist: the Royal Academy of London, the Trustees Academy of Edinburgh, and the Royal Dublin Society. We were purchasing works of art and filling our mansions, and English Art had taken fast hold of the country; yet no art education was established, on the one hand to instruct the future artist, and on the other to create a wise public judgment, and a large popular understanding of questions of taste. Under these circumstances, Manchester of itself, and without government aid, opened its 'School of Design,' and thus initiated a movement which we seriously consider to have been by far the most active and valuable agent in all subsequent art movements in this country. It will not surprise our readers that the men who stirred in that movement were those who are at the centre of the great one so soon to be given to the world; it will not surprise because it will be expected that consistency in the same course must be a quality found in men who invariably succeed in what they undertake." The papers on Music and on the Working-classes are also excellent of their kind. The immediate object of the latter is to advocate the institution of library societies, as an aid to the education and recreation of the working-classes.

New Editions.

The Chemistry of Food and Diet: with a Chapter on Food Adulterations. By Edward Branner, M.D. *The Chapter on Food Adulterations* by John Scofield, M.B. Houlston and Stoneman.

Practical Mechanics: including Mechanical Drawing, Strength of Materials, and Sources of Mechanical Power. By James Inray, M.A. Houlston and Stoneman.

Ince and Gilbert's Outlines.—Descriptive Geography: Mathematical, Physico-Political, and Statistical. By Professor Wallace, M.A. Gilbert.

The Natural History of Pliny. Vol. V. Translated by H. T. Riley, B.A. Bohn.

Memoirs of Sully. Vol. III. Translated from the French. A New Edition, with Portrait. Bohn.

On the subject of Food and its Adulterations, and on the Chemistry of Food and Diet, a little treatise, popular in its scope, appears in the series of Orr's Circle of the Sciences. The volume consists of a German treatise on Food and Diet, by Professor Moleschott, of Zurich, translated by Dr. Edward Branner, and a chapter on Food Adulteration, by John Scofield, B.M. In this work practical details as to the examination and analysis of food are not given, but the general bearings of the subject in an economical and social point of view are ably discussed by Mr. Scofield. The treatise of Professor Moleschott gives a popular view of the physiology and chemistry of digestion, and of the nature and properties of the substances used for food, drink, or condiment. Of the influence of the latter, under the head of Spices, the learned professor says, "When we consider the restless passion, the cholera, and insidious jealousy of those inhabitants of the tropics who take so great an abundance of spices with their food, we find it impossible to forgive the cruelty with which the Europeans of a former day sought to enrich their own part of the world with pepper and cinnamon, with cloves and nutmeg. Had they never possessed any of those spices, the people of Europe would have one superfluous and often obnoxious addition to their food the less; and the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch would be able to erase a bloody page of their history." The physiological views of Professor Moleschott it will be seen from this are rather fanciful. A little pepper and nutmeg in his diet might tell beneficially on his literary and scientific productions.

Also in Orr's Circle of the Sciences appears a treatise on Practical Mechanics, by Mr. Inray, including mechanical drawing, strength of materials, and sources of mechanical power. The book contains a large amount of well-digested information, and on some points, as for instance the use that might be made of the power of tidal currents on the coast, and in estuaries and tidal rivers (p. 115), valuable practical suggestions are made.

The Manual of Descriptive Geography, mathematical, physico-political, and statistical, edited by Professor Wallace, M.A., contains in condensed form much useful information. The series of books of which these Geographical Outlines form one, are approved by Her Majesty's Committee of Council on Education. They will be found sufficient for the competitive examinations which candidates for the ordinary offices in the civil service have now to undergo.

Mr. Riley would find it a tedious task to proceed with his translation of the *Natural History of Pliny*, were there not occasional chapters of real interest. But the present volume is chiefly occupied with the materia medica of the ancients, and an account of the complaints for which the remedies were given. The treatment is rarely more rational or refined than in the following directions for the cure of baldness:—"Where the hair has been lost through alopecia, it is made to grow again by using ashes of burnt sheep's dung, with oil of cyprus and honey; or else the hoof of a mule of either sex, burnt to ashes and mixed with oil of myrtle. In addition to these substances, we find our own writer, Varro, mentioning mouse-dung, which he calls 'muscerda,' and the heads of flies, applied fresh, the part being first rubbed with a fig-leaf. Some recommend the blood of flies, while others, again, apply ashes of burnt flies for ten days, in the proportion of one part of the ashes to two of ashes of papyrus or of nuts. In other cases, again, we find ashes of burn

flies kneaded up with woman's milk and cabbage, or, in some instances, with honey only. It is generally believed that there is no creature less docile or less intelligent than the fly; a circumstance which makes it all the more marvellous that at the sacred games at Olympia, immediately after the immolation of the bull in honour of the god called 'Myiodes,' whole clouds of them take their departure from that territory. A mouse's head or tail, or indeed, the whole of the body, reduced to ashes, is a cure for alopecia, more particularly when the loss of the hair has been the result of some noxious preparation. The ashes of a hedgehog, mixed with honey, or of its skin, applied with tar, are productive of a similar effect. . . . Some persons boil ten green lizards in ten sextarii of oil, and content themselves with rubbing the place with the mixture once a month. Alopecia is also cured very speedily with the ashes of a viper's skin, or by an application of fresh poultry dung." The name Alopecia Mr. Riley explains is derived from 'αλωπηξ, a fox, this animal being very subject to the loss of its hair.

Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

Observations on Perfumery. By T. Forster Ker, M.R.P.S.

Edinburgh: P. Grant.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli on the Culture of the Field. By Agricola. Revue.

On National Education: an Essay. Glasgow: T. Murray and Son.

A Short Essay on the National Education Question. Brighton: King and Co.

A Comprehensive View of National Education Systems, their Past Fallacies and Future Prospects. Wertheim and Macintosh.

Morality: and its Practical Application to Social Institutions. By the Author of 'Adaptability.' John Chapman.

Marriage and Morals in Utah. An Address written by Parley P. Pratt. Liverpool: Richards.

MR. FORSTER KER, the author of *Observations on Perfumery*, we are informed by an appended biographical memoir, is a young chymist-poet, who amidst the smoky atmosphere of Manchester beguiles with literature the labours of his profession. Some poems we have seen from his pen which were marked by freshness and spirit, though wanting in other literary requisites. But the prose of Mr. Ker is utterly bad. In point of style it has the sickening scent of affectation instead of the fresh air of nature, and the writer has need to go to school again for his grammar and spelling. Here is a specimen of his writing:—"Perfumery is la chef d'œuvre among modern beauties, crème de la crème of society. The relatively steady advance of Perfumery is due, in a great measure, to the fact that its phenomena was daily thrust on men's notice as those of astronomy were—partly that nature supplied and suggested the modes of investigation, and partly from the fact that it came into existence by the use of the materials with which chymistry deals. Its exquisite properties being thus self-exhibited, it has been brought out by inadvertence. Perfumery has been making progress—a progress which is being disentangled of endless groups of concrete theorems before incapable of sustained treatment. The successive stages achieved exhibit the dominance of science dealing with time, extension, and force of superiority of mind in modern days."

We do not pretend to completeness, but only to the outlines of our complex ideas, seeing that our moderately cultured intelligence does not aspire to any very great quantitiveness of scientific experience in this department, and of which we are conscious of doing the subject but scant justice. We purpose breaking the tranquil waters of botany, almost stagnated beneath the sumptuous elegance of confused specimens of sweetest fragrances, that nearly scent to death by their narcotic atmosphere, which irresistibly leads the senses away captive." The senses of Mr. Ker must have been led away captive when he wrote nonsense like this. We cannot say much for the first prose literary production of the analectical chymist, as Mr. Ker calls himself.

Agricola's letter to Mr. Disraeli on the Culture of the Field, is a vehement appeal in favour of deep

ploughing. Smith, of Deanston, has long since established the advantage of subsoil ploughing, and has provided an efficient implement for the work. Although declared, in the first volume of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, "the greatest improvement effected in agriculture for the last century," Agricola complains that the practice is scarcely known to agriculturists. Its benefits are recounted in animated terms. "Deep culture, skillfully executed, changes and improves every soil. It lessens adhesion in clay and increases it in sand, by opening up the former to frost and the latter to moisture: it incorporates the old soil with a portion of the solid subsoil on which it rests, and gives to the mass an improved mechanical structure; it deepens the soil, and increases both its absorbent and productive power; it gives fertility to the garden, and converts every field into a garden; even rocks themselves are made productive by being pulverized. In short, deep culture makes bad soils good, good soils better, and the best soils more fruitful." Many other advantages of deep culture are enumerated, until the writer waxes poetical in its praises:—"In every field, in every farm, and in every county, culture which deepens the soil increases its productive power. That is no longer matter of opinion, but of fact, tested in many fields, and strongly established by garden culture, even in the most barren wilds. Deep culture renders the face of the earth everywhere both beautiful and fruitful; it makes the wilderness and waste places to blossom as the rose; it covers the pastures with flocks and the valleys with corn, filling the hearts of the inhabitants with food and gladness." "Every field, every farm, every county"—this is carrying to an absurd length the advocacy of deep culture. Such is the usual exaggeration of zeal on a favourite subject. There are some subsoils which are as sharply separated from the soil as the solid rock, and which it would be as unwise to mix with the superincumbent matter. However, the general advice of the writer as to deep ploughing, and also as to deep draining, is good, and worthy of being followed by farmers.

The Essay on National Education, published at Glasgow, originally appeared in the British Educator. That published at Brighton gives a brief summary of the state of conflicting parties on the question, and the same writer gives a review of the various educational schemes that were before the public during the session of 1855. We cannot enter now upon this broad subject, but commend these pamphlets to readers interested in the question.

Under the coadjutive or social system propounded in the pamphlet on 'Morality and its Practical Application to Life,' the author assures us that "the future citizen would be brought into the world under the best conditions that Science and Benevolence could devise for his production in the highest mental, moral, and physical perfection—for securing the *mens sana in corpore sano*. He would receive the best education, understanding the word in its most comprehensive sense, that Science and Benevolence could devise. He would have the best food, clothing, habitation, and generally the best means of enjoyment and recreation, that Science and Benevolence could devise—in a word, he would find himself in a state of things where the highest amount of happiness, welfare, and good for the time being practically possible, existed; in a state of things evolving the Supreme Good; and what more could human nature require?" We must leave to the curious reader the examination of the means proposed for establishing this happy Utopia, this Paradise Restored.

The Address on Marriage and Morals in Utah, by Parley Pratt, described as "one of the twelve apostles of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and Chaplain to the Council of the Utah Legislature," is a formal defence of polygamy, partly on the ground of early patriarchal usage, and partly for reasons of policy. "Look," says Apostle Pratt, "at the census of Europe, and even of our older States of this Union—see the hundreds of thousands of females more than of males. All this sur-

plus of immortal beings are doomed by the Romish law, prohibiting polygamy, to live single, and to never form those ties which would enable them lawfully and honourably to answer the 'end' of their creation as wives and mothers. Nor is this all: under the present institutions men are trained to feel little or no obligation to marry; many of them choose to live single. This increases the number of females doomed to single life. Nor does the mischief end here; the present wars in Europe alone have deprived the world of perhaps half a million of men in the vigour of life—candidates for the sacred offices of husband and father; by which means the same number of females are, by the monogamic law, added to the prohibited list. All the surplus female population arising from these and other causes are, by the one wise system, utterly prohibited marriage; and thus compelled to break the first and great command of God, viz.:—"Be fruitful and multiply." The Mormon apostle takes care to say nothing about "morals in Utah."

List of New Books.

Annual Register, Vol. 97, for 1855, 8vo, boards, 18s.
Bourne's (J.) Public Works in India, 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d.
Bostead's (Rev. J.) Practical Sermons, 3 vols. 8vo, cloth, 41s.
Bray's Novels, Vol. 2: Do Folx, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.
Cornwell and Fitch's Science of Arithmetic, 2d Edit. 12mo, cl. 4s. 6d.
Ferguson's Key to Grammatical Exercises of Attic Greek, 3s. 6d.
Gosse's Aquarium, post 8vo, cloth, New Edition, 17s.
Hewitson's Life, New Edition, crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d.
La Bagatelle, New Edition, 18mo, boards, 2s. 6d.
Lake's Kar, 2nd Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Laspice's Callisthenes, 4to, cloth, 41s.
M'Leod's Atlas of Physical Geography, 18mo, sd. 2s. 6d., half 1s. 6d.
Maunell's Dublin Practice of Midwifery, 8vo, cl. New Edit. 4s.
Napier's Notes and Queries for Worcestershire, post 8vo, cl. 3s.
Pinney's (J.) Duration of Human Life, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Salva's Spanish and French Phrases, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Science of Mind, Vol. 1, post 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
Toogood's (Mrs.) History of Greece, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Wood's (W.) Index Entomologicus, royal 8vo, half-mor., 24 4s.
Index Testaceologicus, royal 8vo, half-mor., 41 4s. 4d.

ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. BESSEMER AND HIS COMPETITORS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Vienna, Sept. 8, 1856.

SIR,—As I see from the columns of the 'Times' and 'Literary Gazette,' that Mr. Bessemer's application of blasts of cold air in the manufacture of cast steel is causing considerable sensation in England, I think it will interest your readers to hear of another method, which, it is asserted, accomplishes the same purpose but by different means. Captain Franz Uchatius, the discoverer of this new method, is an artillery officer in the Austrian service; he is a man of profound chemical knowledge, and of large and extensive experience in the manufacture of iron and steel, and in his military capacity has had a wide field of observation presented to him. He states as the result of his experience, that the quality of the steel is influenced greatly by the size of the pieces of iron employed in its manufacture, the goodness of the cast steel being in proportion to the smallness of the lumps of iron. In order to reduce the iron therefore to the proper size, Captain Uchatius conducts the mass of molten metal directly from the blast furnace, into cold water which is kept in motion by mechanical means; the iron is formed into fragments or grains (Körner), varying from 60 to 2000 to the kilogramme. The finest steel is made from the pieces of which 2000 go to the kilogramme. These bits of iron are then placed in crucibles and mixed up with a certain per-centage of finely-powdered, sulphurless spathose iron ore (*Spathisenstein*), and brown iron ore (*Braunstein*). The metal thus prepared is subjected to the requisite heat, and drawn off into ingot moulds. This steel it is asserted is of the finest and purest quality, varying, according to the pleasure of the manufacturer, from the most flexible steel for springs to the hardest double sheer or file steel. The inventor sent samples of it last November to France to be tested by the French railway company of the Chemin du Nord, and their verdict upon it at the time was one expressive of great satisfaction and approval, remarking at the same time that the metal was brittle and not easily weldable. These faults have now been overcome, as was proved at a trial made

a few days ago of the qualities of the steel before some iron manufacturers from America. Herr Uchatius has much confidence in the general adoption of his plan, from its great cheapness, over all others hitherto (as he supposes) employed in the manufacture of steel—the two intermediate expensive processes between the raw iron and the hard steel (as in Mr. Bessemer's plan) being got rid of. I refer those who may be interested in the subject, and who may wish to examine more closely into Captain Uchatius's invention, to the May number of the present year of Armengaud's 'Genie Industriel,' or the July number, 1856, of Dingler's 'Polytechnisches Journal,' published at Vienna.

VIATOR.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT AND NUBIA.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sibster, near Wick, N.B.
Sept. 3, 1856.

SIR,—So valuable have been the results derived by modern investigation of the Monuments of Egypt, that it may not be uninteresting to be reminded of the present condition of remains which have occupied so prominent a place in the field of antiquarian research. For my own part, although prepared to find the evidence of the vicissitudes through which they have passed, and of the neglect or destructive cupidity of the Egyptian government, so strongly deprecated as well in official documents* as by personal remonstrance, still I did not expect the reality which on actual inspection is so painfully apparent. Accustomed as we are in Britain to the desecration and destruction of memorials of the past, there is a lower depth of degradation reserved for the monuments of the ancient Pharaohs—a degradation rendered more intense by the noble aspect of the structures themselves, and by the importance of the facts to be deduced from them. Already, in remote ages, they had suffered from the violence of invading conquerors, and the zeal of iconoclasts whose chisels made sad havoc on the sculptured walls; but much of the sense of indignity which their present appearance suggests, arises from the circumstance that the original character which most of the religious edifices, at least, possessed, as centres of population, descended as was natural, after they themselves had ceased to be venerated, and in many cases even to the present day. Hence it is that, except in those instances where the sand of the desert has done its work unaided, the temples are often choked up or encumbered by the *débris* of dwellings, which gradually encroaching on their precincts, had been built in and upon them. And hence it is, as no attempt has in recent times been made to rescue them from similar inroads, that ruins of extraordinary interest and magnificence are devoted to the vile purposes of a Fellah village. Thus, at Edfoo, a small colony of men and cattle is established on the top of the half-buried temple, after Denders, the most perfect in Egypt, and foul streams of manure trickle down its decorated walls. So in like manner at Luxor, squalid hovels are huddled round the splendid columns, many of which cannot be approached at all, and many only by penetrating the filthy intricacies of those miserable dwellings. Nor is this by any means an unusual state of things.

The grandest remains of all, however, those at Karnak, have happily escaped a fate so degrading as a matter of sentiment, and so detrimental as a matter of fact. But even they have not been left quietly to the dealings of the hand of time, and they have suffered from the paltry rapaciousness of government officials, who sought there, as it was their habit to seek too often in similar monuments, materials for building some public work, or for burning into lime. In fact, to such a pitch had this species of spoliation arrived some years ago, that, besides other indications of dissatisfaction, several gentlemen of influence addressed remonstrances on the subject to

the then Viceroy, Mohammed Ali. The result was a promise from the Pacha that a different course would be pursued, and, as I am informed, a standing order in consonance with this promise was issued and exists. This, however, has not been strictly attended to; and it has happened oftener than once that government quarrymen have only been deprived of their prey by subsequent representation to the higher powers. I have not heard that they have of late injured the ruins to any great extent, but it is hinted that this is as much owing to the absence of any demand for building materials, as from a desire to abide by the prohibitory ordinance. At all events, in the best point of view, the conduct of the government with respect to the monuments is simply passive; for they may be appropriated by the Fellahs as cattle-pens or pigeon-cotes,—in fact abused or mutilated in every way not even short of actual demolition, without apparently the slightest interference.

The temples in Nubia are similarly circumstanced to those of Egypt. In like manner some are embedded in mud-built hovels, some nearly overwhelmed by the drifting sand, and even some of those excavated in the rock are partially filled up by the restless activity of the same agent. The entrance to Aboo Simbel which was cleared about thirty years ago, is particularly exposed to obstruction, and once more is nearly blocked up. With this exception, that wonderful memorial of the ancient religion is in excellent condition, and would not leave much to be desired were it not for the abominable practices of travellers which have so constantly excited indignation.

It will not, of course, be supposed—and the numerous illustrated works which are everywhere met with, would, without any allusion here, counteract the impression—that many of the ruins on the Nile are not singularly perfect considering their great antiquity, and strikingly noble notwithstanding the disadvantages with which they have to contend. Their substantial workmanship has stoutly defied the influence of three thousand years in a climate whose exquisite equability has rendered resistance more simple; their massive proportions cannot easily be degraded even by the closest contact with the degenerate products of modern misery; and they rise up grand and imposing amid surrounding desolation or among the puny parasites that cluster around them. With respect, also, to some of those of which this may be said, it is perhaps often the case that as regards picturesque effect they sacrifice little by being partially buried and encumbered by masses of *débris*. But scenic interest is a small part of the character of vestiges so intimately bound up with all that concerns the early history of human civilisation, and which have, for that very reason, been subjected to such sustained scrutiny. Still, notwithstanding the fruits of this investigation; notwithstanding the earnestness with which they are desired; notwithstanding the vigorous pursuit implied by the despatch of four or five national expeditions, no one ruin of constructive architecture, save that at Denders, whether in Egypt or Nubia, has been thoroughly cleared of rubbish; nor, with the additional exception of Mohammed Ali having caused the portico of the Temple of Esneh to be excavated during one of his visits, has any attempt deserving of notice been made beyond partial explorations at points of interest. No doubt the labour of disclosing the whole of huge temples to their foundations, which might be productive of general instruction and gratification, rather than of any specific discovery of commensurate brilliancy, could not reasonably be expected from unaided private enthusiasm, and is, from its nature and magnitude, an undertaking which, did the country possess an enlightened government, could only be looked for from it. Certainly it was a work not sufficiently inviting, beyond the compass of their resources, and savouring far too much of the principle *vos non vobis* to recommend itself to the scientific commissioners who had museums to fill at home, and were laudably ambitious to secure a higher and less barren fame.

With regard to the tombs, which are so valuable

from presenting in infinite diversity the various phases of life, manners, and religious belief, their nature—being excavated in the living rock—has preserved them in a great measure from the chance of being gradually dismembered and utterly swept away like structural buildings. But although it is true their chambers and passages deep in the sides of limestone mountains may last to the end of time, these may still be but as the shadow when the substance is gone; for the more perishable decorations on the walls, which may be regarded as the latter, enjoy no similar immunity. In fact, the deterioration which they have experienced, even of late years, is alarmingly considerable, as they manifestly show, and as I have been assured by those familiar with them at the period when a voyage up the Nile was only undertaken by the zealous few, and who have seen what they are to-day. In certain instances, a good deal of this is owing to dust and other impurities arising from some of the tombs being, as many were centuries ago, inhabited, or at all events occupied as lumber stores attached to mud-dwellings in front. For example, one of the most remarkable, that known as the Brickmakers', at Goorneh, where scenes of the most interesting description illustrative of arts and customs are depicted with great precision, is in this condition, and is likewise a nursery for tame pigeons, which resent intrusion by fluttering from side to side, and charging the atmosphere with impalpable dust.* That under these circumstances the paintings on the walls should grow dim is not surprising; and it may be anticipated with regret, that a continuance of this state of things will render them at no distant date hopelessly obscure.

The splendid Sepulchres of the Kings, situated in a mountain gorge, are not, from their sequestered position, liable to this sort of treatment, but in them as everywhere—in temples as in tombs—the grand enemy of the sculptures has been the very reputation which demonstrates their value. Unlike the usual course, where increasing interest in any object is followed by increasing care, notoriety has in their case been the death-knell of some and the curse of all. It has been their fortune that hosts of the visitors attracted by their fame, instead of bestowing upon them the cheap tribute of respect, have left traces not unworthy of the followers of Attila or of Genserich. Apart from the violation of good taste, the amount of damage which has been inflicted in this manner can scarcely be believed. Whole tableaux previously uninjured either in outline or in colour, have been sacrificed in the attempt to chip out, perhaps, the head of a figure that excited an ignorant acquisitive desire; elaborate inscriptions have been ruthlessly mutilated to gain possession of one or two of the characters; while here and there are to be found examples of that species of vulgar humour akin to idiocy, which exhibits itself in irremediably spoiling a historical document or a work of art, for the sake of producing some grotesque effect. But the most glaring offence arises from the pains which so many have taken to secure lasting ridicule for themselves, by scrawling or chiselling their names in the very midst of the sculptures. So often has this silly and hateful practice been reprobated, that I had no intention to allude to it; only, as a part of the present state of matters which I have ventured to describe, I am compelled to say, with regret, that up to this hour a few names seem to be added in equally objectionable positions to those which already excite derision or contempt. While leaving on ruins so distant a record of their visit that might possibly be their only epitaph, it did not probably occur to men like Bruce and Belzoni to what a disastrous extent it might be in the power of followers to copy their example without the slightest exercise of discretion. It is humiliating, however, to find a scientific body quite recently countenancing this modern folly, by disfiguring the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, and inserting above its entrance, under the sanction of the classical *Attile proskynéma*, a slab with their

* Dr. Robinson found this same tomb filled with an Arab family and their cattle. 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' &c. Vol. I., p. 543.

* Dr. Bowring's Parliamentary Report on Egypt and Candia.

names, inscribed to the honour of a northern king, who, among other pedantic and equally appropriate hieroglyphical epithets, is designated "the Favourite of Wisdom and History."

In connexion with this subject it is impossible not to notice the mode of action pursued by some of the scientific expeditions, and particularly by that from Prussia, under Dr. Lepsius, which spent three years in the country from 1842 to 1845. Everywhere this body made free use of the hammer and the crowbar; and if half the absent groups in tombs and temples, whose removal is attributed to Dr. Lepsius, were carried off by him, he certainly dealt with the monuments with no sparing hand.

It is of course evident that there can be no fixed rule by which to test the propriety of dismantling ancient ruins and transporting the excised fragments to other lands. What in one case would be highly meritorious, would in another be equally reprehensible, the peculiar circumstances of each being the turning-point. Hence an investigator professing to act in the interests of science can only be guided by a sound discretion. That in the exercise of this discretion Dr. Lepsius saw good grounds for some of his proceedings, may unfortunately be very true; but there certainly is room for a grave difference of opinion with regard to some of his more prominent operations. Take for instance the most magnificent tomb in Egypt, Belzoni's, where, finding every column standing, and the whole in general good order, he overthrew one to secure a portion of it, leaving the remaining half crumbling on the floor. Many, we apprehend, would not undertake to defend the decision of Champollion, who, twenty years before, cut away one or two slabs from the same sepulchre; and certainly the act contrasts most unfavourably with the right feeling and considerate care of another distinguished archaeologist, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and his fellow-workers, who, about the same time, laboriously examined and sketched the figures on the walls by the light of wax candles, rather than injure the paintings with the smoke of torches.

But not only are the dilapidations by Dr. Lepsius of a more violent character, they were accomplished under a very different order of things. They were executed after numerous visitors from all countries had begun to visit Egypt chiefly for the sake of those monuments which he was helping to destroy, and at a time when, by increasing facilities of communication, a voyage up the Nile was becoming a matter of so easy achievement, that in such a point of view to bring the ruins piecemeal to Europe might be deemed as advisable as to break off the mouldings from some remarkable gothic edifice in Germany, and deposit them in London or Paris. Nor is it enough to say that the sculptures which Dr. Lepsius removed at such a sacrifice might have been scribbled over or otherwise ruined by successors like those I have before alluded to. For, first, the alternative was no inevitable sequence; second, in so far as the general aspect of the monuments themselves is concerned, it is of little consequence whether they are mutilated by the crowbars of a scientific commission, or by less learned chisels; and finally, since the skill of the draughtsman and modeller has attained such excellence, the presence in our museums of the actual blocks hewn by the old workmen, is not so indispensable for purposes of scientific research, that whole buildings of matchless interest must be irremediably defaced to procure them, and that they should be deprived of the chance, probably every year now becoming less remote, of being preserved in their original and peculiar positions where their value would be tenfold greater. Neither should it be forgotten that this sort of authoritative demolition, by declaring *ipso facto*, that the ruins are delivered over to perdition, must have largely tended to encourage the destructive faculties of succeeding visitors, and to countenance the wanton carelessness of others. It also ought to be remembered that, formerly, when Mohammed Ali was urged to save the antiquities, he retaliated by saying,

"How can I do so, and why should you ask me, since Europeans themselves are their chief enemies?" And thus, although one well-known investigator before named, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, could and did intercede for them with, as we have already seen from his own conduct, the best title to be heard, another, Champollion, who was also particularly pressing in his solicitations, certainly assumed a curiously inconsistent position when he besought the Pacha to cherish with religious care those very memorials which he himself had just returned from despoiling.

These considerations seem to show that the propriety of the course pursued by Professor Lepsius was at least highly questionable. It is to be hoped that he saw other reasons which were adequate in themselves and sufficient to satisfy his judgment; for certainly, if he were actuated by no higher motive than to bring home tangible fruits of his mission to fill new galleries at Berlin, his well-earned fame and the liberality of his government in sending forth the expedition will not shelter both from the charge of unjustifiable spoliation. His proceedings have frequently been censured severely, and they have sometimes most unfairly been attributed to personal objects. To accusations of this nature, as unjust as they were invidious, he has thought it necessary to allude by repeating that "we made the selection of the monuments not for ourselves, but, commissioned by our government, for the Royal Museum, therefore for the benefit of science and a public eager after knowledge."⁴ Yet this alone would not be enough; the end, we know, cannot always justify the means; and where would this reasoning lead? Antiquarian collections are no doubt admirable institutions, and so rare is it to see any overweening zeal displayed in their management, that no reasonable man would think of squeamishly conjuring up obstacles to their progress. But there are certain limits to their field of operation; and were they to be conducted on principles of refined cupidity akin to those which stimulated Aurelianus, as some allege, to sack Palmyra for the purpose of seizing the works of art within its walls, or induced Napoleon to dismantle St. Mark's—were their stores to be augmented at the cost of dilapidating ancient structures in every quarter, without due reference to the circumstances or conditions which might render that course desirable in itself or otherwise,—then we should have seed capable of producing all the fruit of a fresh barbaric irruption, and the world might one day be startled by enormities as glaring as the despatch of an expedition to treat for the removal of the Fountain of Lions from the Alhambra, or to subsidise the Neapolitan government for permission to quarry out the choicest vestiges of Pompeii.

Six hundred and fifty years ago a traveller in Egypt, Abd-el-Lateef, condemning by arguments drawn from reason and philosophy, the ravages which had already commenced, deploras that, while "in former times the kings watched with care over the preservation of these precious remains of the past, in these days the reins have been cast loose to men, and nobody has troubled himself to repress their caprices."⁵ Of the present century this, as we have seen, could be said as truly as of the thirteenth, with the unfortunate addition, that the rulers were now to be regarded as the most dangerous, because the most sweeping and persevering, delinquents, and that too, unhappily, at a time when the progress of scientific discovery was imparting fresh value to the doomed vestiges, and calling more loudly for their conservation. But this would hardly influence in any great degree a semi-barbarous despotism; and under such a government, careless yet rapacious, lavish yet niggardly—served by *employés* corrupt as those in the East proverbially are, even the medium course of quiescent toleration was little likely to prevail if directly opposed to the fancied exigencies of a grasping self-interest. Many have probably heard

of the havoc committed, not earlier than the present generation, by vice-regal authority or consent; and for those who may desire minuter information on the subject, an energetic writer has drawn up a long catalogue of the misdeeds of Mohammed Ali,* with a zeal which cannot be disputed, but with a bitter censoriousness almost indicative of personal resentment.

A mere cessation, if such be really the case—a mere cessation of these wholesale *razzias* is no doubt an important gain, still the monuments, as has been pointed out, suffer from so many other quarters, that no languid supineness would do much more than protract their deterioration, if not destruction. But surely these noble relics are not to perish so miserably just as they are becoming at once more accessible, better understood, and more generally attractive. Every day brings Egypt, so to say, further within the circle of European nations, and more within the influence of that feeling with which those heirlooms of primeval skill are there universally regarded. Yet I fear it will be vain to hope for spontaneous active supervision on the part of the native government, although the organisation of its inferior departments would afford extraordinary facilities for the work at the most trifling expense. If, however, this were ever undertaken before it is too late, whether under the present tottering régime, or after great political and territorial changes foreseen on all sides shall have occurred—and especially if by judicious exertions the principal ruins were cleared and exhibited to fair advantage, there would be saved for future ages a heritage such as neither they nor we would willingly lose. And it is perhaps not unworthy of notice that, in the position of affairs, a request from the British or French Government to the Porte, and its vassal the Viceroy, would scarcely be neglected. Nor would it be an ignoble use of the paramount influence in the East which the stirring events of the period have given to the Western States, were they to stretch out a hand to preserve for the admiration of generations to come, the remnants of the greatness of a people to whom are traced the germs of our higher civilisation.

A. HENRY RHINDS.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

INTELLIGENCE has been received this week of the melancholy death by assassination of Captain Graves, R.N., stationed at Malta, a gentleman well known to naturalists as having assisted in several important scientific surveying expeditions. He commanded the *Beacon* during the interesting deep-sea dredging operations of the late Prof. Edward Forbes, in the *Ægean*, and was engaged in the survey of Lough Neagh, in the vicinity of Belfast, of which town he was a native. He had been in the navy for five-and-thirty years, and was a most valuable servant of the Hydrographical department of the Admiralty.

The coronation of the Czar Alexander II., apart from its importance as a political event in the Russian annals, has remarkable interest in connexion with the progress of modern science and civilization. In the "pomp and circumstance" of the ceremony, there may not have been much to distinguish it above previous occasions of the kind, though the pageant seems to have presented unusual splendour as a spectacle. The gathering of representatives of all the nations under the wide dominion of the Czar, the variety of costumes, the gorgeous processions, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, the parade of troops, the ceremonials of the Church, the presence also of the ambassadors of foreign powers,—these and many other features have signalized former imperial coronations. But it is a new thing in the history of the world to see special correspondents hurrying on the wings of steam from the newspaper offices of Western Europe, and the summary of events passing at Moscow telegraphed with electric speed, so as to be read in London and Paris a few hours

* Lettres écrites d'Egypte et de Nubie.—Appendix.

⁴ Letters from Egypt and Ethiopia. Note, p. 41. Horner's Translation.

⁵ Relation de l'Egypte, trad. par S. de Sacy, p. 195.

* Gliddon's Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe. 1841.

after they took place. Trips to St. Petersburg and Moscow are now announced among ordinary advertisements, and Russia will henceforth be a common part of the Englishman's continental tour,—that is to say, if peace lasts, of which there is no surer guarantee than the mingling of the east and west by the scientific appliances which have revolutionized the relations of time and of distance.

Astronomers are now eagerly on the look out for the expected return of the comet of 1556. The evidence of the identity of that comet with the one which appeared in 1264 is now generally admitted. From the computation of the perturbations due to planetary attraction between 1264 and the present time, it is believed that the course of the comet has been accelerated, and therefore a speedy re-appearance is probable. Mr. Hind published in the 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society,' in 1847, an orbit, founded upon a rough chart of its path, copied into various works from an original publication by Paul Fabricius, attached to the court of Charles V. Subsequent inquiries, through the aid of Professor Littrow, the Director of the Imperial Observatory at Vienna, led to the recovery of the original chart of Fabricius, and brought to light a still more important treatise, by Joachim Heller, astronomer, of Nuremberg, copies of which exist in the Ducal libraries of Wolfenbützel and Gotha. The observations of Fabricius extend over less than a fortnight; whereas those of Heller give the positions of the comet during an interval of fifty-three days. The exact alterations in the orbit required by the calculations founded on Heller's observations are not yet determined; but the principal correction is a diminution of the comet's path to the ecliptic to the extent of about one degree, which Mr. Hind views in connexion with the acceleration of its return; and he therefore counsels immediate vigilance.

The ceremony of the inauguration of the New Manchester Mechanics' Institution, on the 9th inst., was shorn of much of its anticipated attraction by the absence of Lord Palmerston, who was prevented by the death of his brother from keeping his engagement to attend. Mr. Oliver Heywood, in an appropriate address, opened the art and industrial exhibition in the new building. Mr. Heywood said that the history of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, which was among the earliest of its class, and which had contributed so largely to the intellectual, social, and moral improvement of the community, might be traced with interest and advantage from its day of small things, during a long and successful career, until, when self-supporting, free from debt, with 1600 members, of whom 700 were in regular attendance at its day and evening classes, and with a library of 1300 volumes, the building which it had occupied for a quarter of a century (let it be remembered, to the credit of Manchester, that it was the first erected in this country for such a purpose) was found inadequate to meet the demands of a growing community.

Free libraries fail to command success in the metropolis, but flourish in the provinces. Last week a signal of distress was hoisted from the Marylebone Free Library, the only one in London, with its vast population, announcing the threatened shutting up of the institution without the aid of charitable contributions. This week a report has appeared of the Salford Free Library and Museum, contrasting remarkably with the doleful account of the metropolitan institution, which ought to be able to boast of similar prosperity. The Salford Library, we are told, is about to be enlarged by the addition of a new wing, and other architectural improvements, at a cost of above 2500l. The general progress of the library and museum evinced by the returns, which since its commencement have been so frequently laid before the public, forms the best evidence from which to estimate the amount of moral aid which it must have rendered to the improvement and education of the working-classes. It now possesses an excellent library of modern literature, amounting to 18,000

volumes. It has issued the large number of 410,000 volumes to the readers who daily frequent the reading-room; and it is most gratifying to find that less than one-third of the books belong to novels and light literature, and about the same proportion to general literature; the best and largest proportion belong to works on history, biography, science, and art, with the higher branches of literature. Taking the average of the last three years, about 400 readers frequent the reading-room daily. The library has been materially increased during the present year, and great attention has been paid to the wants of that section of the library which is allowed to circulate to the homes of the people. The appreciation of this department is much greater than was thought possible when it was first established, and the demands made upon its 5500 volumes are almost equal to its entire circulation every month, and make a total of 105,000 volumes issued since it was opened. Three-fifths of the books borrowed consist of light and pleasant tales, novels, and romances, and the remaining two-fifths are works upon history, and other sound books. Nine-tenths of the 2300 borrowers belong to the working-classes, one-fifth of the entire number are young women, and 150 are soldiers of the 25th Regiment, now stationed at the Salford barracks. An average of 2000 people visit the museum and library every day in the year.

A Crimean soldier has written to the *Times*, complaining of the neglect of the trophies of the war. He says:—

"The iron guns, some 1500 in number, are lying neglected and covered with rust at the east end of Woolwich Arsenal, and I was told that they are to be destroyed immediately for the sake of the iron, while it is reported that the brass guns are to be melted down and made into gates, which will be exhibiting the same wisdom that was displayed when the captured French guns were broken up to make that senseless statue in Hyde-park. Contrast this with the proceedings of our gallant allies at Paris; they are tastefully arranging their guns captured at Sebastopol along the Boulevards; how infinitely more gratifying to the nation and army than in the shape of statues or gates! Could not our trophies be arranged in a similar manner along Constitution-hill and the Mall, or in the centre of the Green-park, for instance?"

We cannot sympathize with the spirit of this letter. To have rows of captured guns staring at foreigners in our parks, and reviving in the directest way feelings of national animosity, would neither be politic nor generous. It savours of the same spirit which leads the Dyaks of Borneo and other savages to erect monuments of the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. That a portion of the metal should be transformed into bronze crosses for the men who served in the trenches during the siege is a good proposal, being a recognition of honourable personal service, without giving needless offence to others. With regard to statues, the column in the Place Vendôme, cast from the trophies of Lodi and Marengo, is at least in better taste than a display of guns on the Boulevards. To use the remainder of the metal for triumphal gates, or other unobtrusive trophies, is acting, as far as can be expected, on the principle of turning swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. However, such strange things are occasionally reported of our arsenals, that we hope "Miles" will keep a sharp eye on the dealers in "marine stores."

The Flower Show this week at the Crystal Palace is chiefly noticeable on account of the display of a later class of plants than we have been accustomed to see exhibited, and the encouragement given, for the first time by this company, to the practice of gardening among the humbler classes. Prizes, fifty in number, from 10l. downwards, were offered to cottagers for the best specimens of the produce of the kitchen garden, and out of fifty-three competitors for these prizes, forty-six were labouring men. The result of the general competition was as follows:—In the class of stove and greenhouse plants, the first prizes have been awarded to Mr. W. Taylor, gardener to Mr. Coster, of Streatham, and to Mr. Morris, gardener to Mr. Coles Child, of Bromley. Messrs. Veitch, nurserymen, Chelsea, took the first prizes for variegated leaved plants, for plants of fine foliage, and for pitcher plants; Mr. Carson, gardener to Mr. Farmer, of Nonsuch-

park, the first for exotic orchids; Mr. T. Williams, gardener to Mr. C. B. Warner, the first for Cape heaths, Mr. Smith, gardener to the Rev. J. Roper, Brighton, the first for stove ferns; Mr. Simms, nurseryman, Foot's-cray, and Mr. Morris, gardener to Mr. Coles Child, the two first for hardy ferns; Mr. Parker, nurseryman, Holloway, for mosses; Messrs. Mitchell and Co., Brighton, for achimenes, and also for fuchsias; Mr. Wetherell, gardener to Dr. M'Neil, Holloway, for scarlet geraniums; Mr. Bovindon, gardener to Mr. J. W. Disdegene, Lewisham, for coxcombs; Mr. Shrimpton, gardener to Mr. A. J. Doxat, of Putney Heath, for verbenas in pots; Mr. Young, gardener to Mr. Stone, Dulwich, for Japan lance lilies, and for grapes; Mr. Brockhurst, Jackson and Son, Kingston; Mr. C. Turner, nurseryman, Slough; Chator and Son, Saffron Walden; Mr. Kean, Salisbury; Mr. Bragg, Slough; Mr. Saxby, and Mr. Wetherall, the first prizes for miscellaneous plants. The first prizes in the class of cut flowers were awarded, for roses, to Mr. J. Mitchell, of Maresfield, and Mr. Brush, gardener to Mr. Tritton, of Norwood; for holyhocks, to Messrs. Paul, Chesnut; for dahlias, to Mr. C. Turner, Slough, the Rev. Charles Fellowes, and Mr. H. Legge, Marsh-side, Lower Edmonton; and for German asters (single blooms), to Mr. R. H. Betteridge, Abingdon. For 12 dishes of miscellaneous fruits, Mr. Fleming, gardener to the Duke of Sutherland, at Trentham, and Mr. Tillyard, gardener to the Speaker of the House of Commons, at Heathfield, carried off the two first prizes; Mr. Frost, gardener at Preston-hall, Maidstone, the first for eight dishes of fruit; Mr. A. Stewart, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, Chatsworth, Mr. Peed, gardener to Mr. Treadwell, of Norwood, Mr. T. Dawson, Peshanger, Mr. T. Bray, gardener to Mr. Lonsader, Sidmouth, and Mr. Barnes, gardener to Lady Rolles, Pictou-hall, the first prizes for pine-apples; and Mr. C. F. Harrison, Oaklands, Mr. C. Ewin, gardener at Bodorgan, Wales, Mr. Fleming, gardener to the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Snow, gardener to Earl de Grey, Mr. Monro, gardener to Mrs. Odie, St. Albans, Mr. Bowrie, gardener to Mr. Labouchere, Mr. George Grover, Hammersmith, Mr. Forsyth, gardener to Baron Rothschild, M.P., and Mr. Kaile, gardener to Earl Lovelace, took the first prizes for various other kinds of fruits. Of the cottagers' prizes, Charles Moser, of Broxburne, took the highest (10l.) for the best collection of vegetables.

The weight of the great bell for the clock tower of Westminster Palace, the casting of which at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, we lately noticed, has been ascertained to be little short of sixteen tons, nearly half as much again as the great bell of York Minster, more than twice that of Oxford; nearly three times as heavy as the large bells of Exeter, Lincoln, and St. Paul's, and six times the weight of "the great bell of Bow."

Not fewer than 4000 naturalists and physicists of Germany and other countries have announced their intention of attending the approaching congress in Vienna.

In our last we recorded that, amongst the prizes awarded by the Académie Française of Paris, in its last annual sitting, was one to M. Bartholomew, for his 'Histoire des Doctrines Religieuses de la Philosophie Moderne.' We have now to record the death of this gentleman. The melancholy event took place suddenly, at Nuremberg, a few days ago. The deceased possessed considerable reputation as a philosophical writer on the Continent.

The booksellers of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have just held a "Congress" at Copenhagen. They decided in it, after due deliberation, to petition the King of Denmark to cause the Diet to adopt laws for protecting literary property, increasing postal communications between the Scandinavian kingdoms, and reducing the postage on letters and books; they also decided on founding a central Scandinavian library, on establishing an annual book fair similar to that of Leipsic, on improving

their trade relations, and on getting up a fund for the relief of such of their body as may fall into distress.

At Liege there was within the last few days a competition for prizes in poetry in the Walloon language, and the fire and inspiration of the Walloon poets produced such excellent verse, that the judges felt themselves necessitated to award two first and one second prizes.

The excursion through Friuli which Herr von Bach, one of the ministers at the court of Vienna, has made on his journey to Lombardy, seems to have been dictated by other motives than mere curiosity. It has been proposed to found a museum of antiquities in the ancient Roman city of Aquileja, and Herr von Bach's visit of inspection is in connexion with this object. As a preliminary step towards this purpose, negotiations have been entered into with Count Cassis, for the purchase of a house in the neighbourhood of Aquileja, in which are to be deposited the treasures found in the town and its vicinity. The collection of Count Cassis, and that of an apothecary named Zandonati, are to form the foundation of a future museum; they consist of antiquities and treasures of art, equally rare and precious, including gold coins, gems, and cameos of exquisite workmanship. Aquileja contains, besides Roman remains, many valuable remnants of Christian art in the earlier centuries; it was the seat of one of the Patriarchs, and the baptistry is one of the most ancient buildings of Christendom, the subterranean part, or crypt, without doubt dates from a period prior to the edicts of Dioclesian. In the latter part of the last century the cupola and roof of the adjoining church, called the Pagan church, fell in, since which time both buildings have been exposed to the destroying influences of wind and weather. The Emperor Ferdinand protected the Basilica by a wooden roof. All that is now visible of the old patriarchal palace are a few standing columns, and of the Roman city, which once gave shelter to one hundred thousand souls, not a vestige remains to mark its site, or to point out where the forum, the senate-house, or the harbour once stood. Attila's fury and ravaging power told on no city in Italy more fatally than on the devoted Aquileja, and the destruction which he left uncompleted has been gradually but effectually accomplished by the rude hands of the peasants and vinedressers of the country. Fragments of columns and statues are frequently turned up by the plough or spade, and the houses in the neighbourhood bear marks of having been built from the ruins of ancient edifices. One cow-stall or shed may be mentioned as unique of its kind: from the walls on every side project apostles' heads, or the richly-ornamented capitals of Corinthian columns, whilst pilasters and kermes support the building; stones covered with inscriptions are everywhere built into the walls, and strange it looks to see, in the midst of this jumble of Roman and Christian classicities, the quiet cattle chewing the cud, about as unconscious of the lapse of ages and the treasures of art in which they live as the human beings who tend them.

In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire presented his work 'On the Use of Horseflesh as Human Food,' and in a brief speech repeated the principal arguments and statements he has employed in his public lectures, to show that such flesh is wholesome, abundant, and has always been consumed in some nations of Europe—nay, is consumed still, and publicly too, in more than one European city. That the prejudice against horseflesh as food, which exists in France and England, is unjust and unreasonable, we are not disposed to deny. But it seems to us that there is one great obstacle to its coming into general use, and that is its comparative dearness. Horses can never be bred so cheaply as oxen for human food; and we do not suppose that the advocates of horseflesh are serious when they say that those animals that die a natural death or are killed ought to be eaten.

The recent inundations in France have, it is alleged, produced a curious and totally unlooked-

for result—they have modified the chemical composition of the water of rivers. A recent analysis shows, for example, that the water of the Loire is, out of 100 parts, composed 20 oxygen, 68 azote, 12 carbonic acid. "This," says a French writer, "is almost the composition of the *can de Seltz* which is drunk at our tables."

FINE ARTS.

THE CERAMIC COURT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A NEW feature of the Crystal Palace which, next to the gallery of pictures, deserves the attention of connoisseurs of art, is the Ceramic Court. Forming no part of the original arrangements, and without a place amongst the handbooks which elucidate the original divisions, it has silently grown up, unnoticed by the general mass of visitors, and now exhibits an assemblage of specimens of pottery and porcelain which is worthy of the building and its other varied contents. This collection possesses also the obvious merit of being a collection of original works, whereas almost every other important feature of the exhibition is a copy. Here are the actual urns and bowls which were fashioned from the clay of Etruria and Samos; not to speak of the more modern productions of Sévres and Dresden. It appears, however, that the collection, large and interesting as it is, is only a shadow of what it is intended to be. To be complete it should embrace ancient Chinese specimens, Babylonian, Italian, Celtic, Roman, and Arabic. Then the directors will be able to boast of a display which has been rarely equalled in modern times.

Much, indeed, of the interest of this court is at present due to the liberality with which private owners have lent their property to the directors for exhibition. Sir G. Wilkinson has permitted the use of specimens of ancient Egyptian pottery and of Etruscan, which are about the earliest traces here exhibited of the growth of the fictile art. For a beautiful bowl of Samian manufacture the company are indebted to Mr. Falcké. The Chinese specimens are not of preponderating interest. Some Japanese works, however, exhibit the remarkable composition and design which characterize that barbarous race.

A few early Greek vases are also to be seen here from the collection of J. Leigh Sotheby, Esq.; but the splendid stores of the British Museum will at once occur to the observer in illustration of this exquisite period of ceramic art. A magnificent Oriental vase enamelled in copper is also the property of Mr. Falcké.

We are gradually brought down from the styles strictly antique to the revivals of the middle age; and here, as in every other branch, the vigour of artistic composition strongly asserts itself. In Majolica some splendid bowls and plates have been lent by M. Falcké and others. Of this the lustrous Majolica is a brilliant variation. It may be mentioned also that a vase of modern Majolica, after a design closely following the antique, by Baron Marochetti, is one of the most imposing objects, and one of the best pieces of imitation in the series. Raffaele ware is also not unrepresented; and by Bernard Pallissy, some of the finest specimens extant are here from the collections of Mr. Falcké, Lady Rolle, and Mr. Bryant. In Luca della Robbia, nothing can possibly exceed in excellence Mr. Falcké's negro, kneeling on one knee, and looking upwards. This figure is indeed a marvelous production, whether for spirit of design, boldness of execution, or truth of colour. Other specimens of the same style come from the collection of H. Bryant, Esq.

A vase of Faenza, of most delicate and beautiful workmanship, is stated to have been sent as a present by Maroide de Vitherne, Governor of Malta, to Pope Benedict XIII. It is now in the possession of J. B. Collings, Esq.

Specimens of early Limoges, of that extremely rare blue enamel which is so highly prized, have arrived from the collections of General the Hon. Edward Lygon, Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P., and

Mr. Falcké. Lady Molesworth has sent examples of Capo di Monte and Nymphenberg. Mr. Falcké's magnificent vase, with reliefs representing *The Triumph of Galatea*, is also of the former class. General Lygon has also sent some modern ware from Berlin and Vienna, that the state of the art may be represented in as many phases as possible. A service in terra cotta, lately the property of Queen Adelaide, is also a conspicuous ornament. Some modern Venetian, with various articles from Orleans, Courteille, Angoulême, and St. Cloud, are interesting to the same extent to the minute connoisseur. Instances of Spode's Jasper of the date 1800, and of stone pottery on the Rhine as early as the 16th century, are among the varieties.

The manufacture of Dresden of course occupies a very large portion of the collection. The single figures which are so generally known, and characteristic of this class and that of Berlin, appear here in great numbers. A group which well exhibits the very bold composition, and all the other merits as well as demerits of the Dresden style of art, is that of *Apollo and the Muses*, the property of, we believe, Lady Rolle. Dresden also we understand to be the origin of six magnificent birds in white porcelain, the property of Mr. Falcké. To him also belongs a jar or ewer, the open mouth of which is formed of the jaws of a monster, whose horns, like those of a deer resting on the back, form the handles. The fore-legs are half buried in the bird foliage of the breast, which extends to the ground, forming the front part of the vessel. This is perhaps the most daring piece of composition in the collection, and must arrest the eye of the most hasty observer. Among the other productions of this branch of manufacture, the enamels are not the least striking.

A beautiful female figure will be noticed rather for the extreme delicacy of the flesh and other tinting than for any great force or merit of composition. The expression, however, is pure and lovely. Close by is a copy of one of the Dulwich Murillos. These beautiful specimens belong to Lady Rolle. Mr. Battam, the able director of the Court, has also lent some porcelain enamels of the same class—one a *Venice* of great beauty.

The Sévres is even more magnificent than the last in general effect. A superb jar, lent by General Lygon, is estimated at 2000*l.* in value. The Duke of Devonshire contributes some of the older examples of this celebrated manufacture, and Mr. James Fergusson some of the modern. The jewelled porcelain of Sévres, a material of truly regal splendour, may also be here examined.

We turn lastly, but not as least in importance, to the English manufacture, which deserves a fuller attention from the framers of our national collections than has yet been bestowed upon it. Here, then, will be found some of the early porcelain of Worcester, dated in 1780, contributed by John J. Rogers, Esq., and specimens of Bristol, old Chelsea, and Fulham ware, the property of Lady Rolle. Of Chelsea manufacture too is Lady Molesworth's very spirited group, *The Grecian Daughter*. Later in date we come to the name of Wedgwood, always dear to the lover of art. Instances of 'old Wedgwood' may be seen in the cases of this department, if not closely examined, in all the purity and crispness of the original and undamaged moulds. Mr. Falcké and Mr. Battam both have, we believe, contributed from their stores. The modern successors of Wedgwood and his English Etruria are, of course, Copeland and Minton, whose varied and ever advancing efforts have accomplished the most unexpected results in the art of imitation and reproduction of past styles; and whose designs have been co-extensive with the science of ornament itself, of which, in its multiform branches, these works are the best illustration. Whether the object to be achieved is a porcelain panel, painted in exact resemblance of natural flowers, or a tazza, inscribed in far better taste, with an Alhambra pattern, the success of Mr. Copeland has been complete and triumphant. The most celebrated Dresden productions, as, for instance, the cavalier on the goat, which has been sent by Lady Rolle, can be rivalled by some of

the artists of Stoke-upon-Trent, as is testified by the *Phœasant*, and some other specimens of their resources. In breadth and delicacy of colour Mr. Minton's works are everywhere striking. In point of imitation of material, nothing is more complete than the copy of the marble *Clytie* of the British Museum, by Mr. Copeland.

We have done little more than enumerate the chief treasures which recommend this portion of the Crystal Palace above many others to judicious students of art, particularly to those who seek out the best conditions under which ornament becomes applicable to fictile productions, and we congratulate the directors of the Crystal Palace on the brilliant addition they have made to the stores of their ever increasing treasury of art and science.

Considerable impulse has been given during the week to the contribution of works of art to the forthcoming exhibition at Manchester, by the publication of a list of nearly forty *chef d'œuvres* proposed to be contributed by Her Majesty, from the private collections at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Many of our readers will recognise in the following the names of several works of priceless worth and of high classical celebrity, while offering a valuable illustration of their respective schools of painting:—

Titian	Land-cape.
Rubens	Portrait.
Rembrandt ..	Entrance to the Sepulchre.
Gerard Dow ..	Portrait of himself.
Schulken	La Menagerie.
Adrian Van der Werf ..	Le Roi Petroussé.
Gonzales Coques ..	Boy and Girl.
Teniers	Myheer Verhelst, Wife, and Children.
Adrian Van Ostade ..	Four Boors.
Isaac Van Ostade ..	Several persons playing and singing.
Paul Potter ..	Travellers Halting.
Adrian Van der Velde ..	In front of a Stable.
Berghem	A Hilly Landscape.
Carol Dujardin ..	View of a Dutch House.
Philip Wouwermans ..	Cow lying in a Meadow.
Albert Cuyp ..	Cavalry Soldiers.
Jan Van der Heyden ..	A Horseman.
Gronet	Group of Peasants with Cattle.
Sir Joshua Reynolds ..	Cow lying in a Meadow.
Sir David Wilkie ..	Cavalry Soldiers.
Yandick	A Horseman.
—	View of a Dutch House.
—	Franciscans at Service.
—	Portrait of himself.
—	Blindman's Buff.
—	Thomas Kilgrew and Thomas Carew.
—	The Children of Charle I.
—	Charles I. on horseback.
Claude Lorraine ..	Landscape.
—	Landscape.
George Pons ..	Portrait of Erasmus.
Rembrandt ..	A Young Man in Turkish Costume.
Holbein	Sir Henry Guilford.
—	Dr. Stokely.
—	Edward VI.
Quantin Matsys ..	The Misers.
—	A Small Altar.
Guido Reni ..	Cleopatra and the Asp.
Dan Michiel ..	St. Agnes.
Rubens	Portrait of his Second Wife.
—	St. Martin Dividing his Cloak with a Beggar.
—	Rubens' own Portrait.

British artists will not have cause for complaint as to the Wellington memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral being jobbed away by private favour, as too many of our national monuments of late years have been. A public advertisement from the Office of Her Majesty's Board of Works gives notice, that the Commissioners are prepared to receive designs from the artists of all countries. The details as to site, cost, and other points, will be communicated, on application to Mr. Alfred Austin, the Secretary, at the Office of the Board of Works, Whitehall.

Two new windows of stained glass are being now exhibited in Munich, which are destined for St. Peter's College, Cambridge; they are seven and a half Parisian feet in breadth and thirteen in height, the figures in the windows the size of life; the one relating to the life of St. Peter, the other to that of St. Paul. St. Peter is represented coming out of the temple accompanied by St. John, whilst on the steps of the holy edifice lies the cripple begging for alms: close to this group is a rich man distributing charity, and a woman with a boy carrying doves as offerings is ascending the steps—the interior of the temple is illuminated by burning tapers. In the other window, the better work of art of the two, St. Paul delivers his eloquent speech before Felix, the Governor of Caesarea, and King Agrippa. Paul stands in chains upright, and inspired by the consciousness of right; he is guarded by soldiers; his accusers bow before Festus, who is represented seated on his throne, deeply moved by the stirring

words of the bold convert, whilst Agrippa appears to be weighing in his inmost soul these new ideas so unexpectedly set before him. The composition of both pictures is excellent; they are full of fire and expression, and are clearly and elegantly designed. They will form a very valuable addition to the artistic treasures of Cambridge.

The famous *hemicycle* of Paul Delaroche, in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which was damaged by fire about a year ago, has been completely restored.

If the Paris newspapers are to be credited, English and American speculators have lately bought up all the pictures they could find by living French artists of note, and have given to many artists commissions which it will take years to execute.

An exhibition of works of art is to take place at Rouen, on the 1st of October.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

On whatever other grounds England is open to reproach as a musical country, it stands alone in these periodical festivals, one of which has this week taken place at Gloucester. These great meetings, where the highest efforts of musical art are enlisted in the cause of charity, are wholly English in their origin, and are conducted on a scale and with a success attained in no other country. At the Birmingham festival last year, the greatest works of the classical composers of sacred music were heard with every advantage that the best performers of the time could impart, and a large sum was collected for local charitable purposes, the number present at the various performances being above thirty thousand. An occasion like that cannot frequently occur, but the ordinary festivals at the cathedral towns are maintained with increasing success, as the report of the Gloucester meeting testifies. This is the one hundred and thirty-third anniversary meeting of the festival of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. Last year the meeting was at Hereford, where it will be remembered that the performances of Grisi and Mario gave much satisfaction, the more so that they have rarely taken part on such occasions. The principal vocalists this year are Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Madame Alboni, Mr. Weiss, M. Gassier, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. Sims Reeves. A new soprano, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, daughter of Mr. Amott, the organist of the cathedral, made a favourable *début* as a public singer, and may become distinguished after acquiring more confidence and experience. There has not been any important event to note, either in the sacred music in the cathedral or the secular in the Shire Hall, most of the pieces being familiar from their performance on similar occasions. But this does not make them the less acceptable at these provincial meetings, where they must have the charm of novelty to many of the audience. The opening sermon in the Cathedral was preached by the new Bishop of Gloucester, after whose appropriate appeal the unusually large sum of 161*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* was collected for the Clergy Fund of the three dioceses.

A solemn funeral service, with Mozart's beautiful requiem, was performed in the Cathedral of Stutgard, on the 30th of August, in honour of the deceased Capellmeister Lindpainter, who had worked during the last thirty-seven years in various capacities for the royal house of Würtemberg. The opening of the Italian Theatre at Paris is fixed for the 2nd of October. Amongst the performers engaged are Mario, Graziani, Nerini, Rossi, Mesdames Alboni, Frezzolini, Piccolomini, and Fiorentini. The conductor of the orchestra is M. Bottesini.

Harold's famous opera of *Zampa* has been revived at the Opéra Comique at Paris, but it is not, we are told, so well executed as it ought to be. It is considered by musical authorities the *chef d'œuvre* of the composer, but it has never enjoyed anything like the same popularity with the public as his *Pré aux Clercs* and *Marie*.

A young Spanish singer, Signora Angles de Fortuni, who appeared for a few nights at the theatre of Aix-la-Chapelle, on her way to Moscow, is spoken of by the German critics with the utmost enthusiasm; they assert, that in the *Sonnambula*, she approaches more to the perfection of Jenny Lind than any living artist.

Rossini has announced his intention of spending next winter in Dresden.

The 'new' piece with which the dramatic season at the Surrey Theatre has been opened, *The Half Caste*, is an adaptation from a French play, *Le Sang Mêle*, which was popular last winter at the Porte St. Martin. A wilder melodrama has rarely been produced. The author, M. Plouvier, probably chose his subject during the epoch of *Uncle Tommanie* at Paris. The hero of the drama, *Maximus Marol* (Mr. Creswick), who in the first act appears as the overseer of an estate in Guadeloupe, goes to Europe in quest of his mother and younger brother, who had accompanied *M. de Courville*, the proprietor of the estate. *Marol* had also old wrongs to avenge on his former master in the times of slavery. In Switzerland he meets with an English nobleman, who, to shelter himself from some importunate admirers, proposes a change of names for a day. The real *Lord Trafford* (Mr. Shepherd) tumbles into a hole in the mountains, and is supposed to be lost. *Marol* sees no reason for not retaining the borrowed title, and figures in Paris as *Lord Trafford*. The recognition of the overseer by *M. de Courville*, and the means taken to unmask the impostor lord, form the chief excitement of the play. *Marol's* love for the daughter of his old master complicates this part of the plot. The favoured lover of *Angelina* (Miss Marriot) turns out to be the younger brother of whom *Marol* is in search. The crisis of *The Half Caste's* fate comes at a masqué ball, where all his enemies are gathered, including the *Lord Trafford* supposed to have perished in Switzerland. *Maximus* takes poison on finding that his game is up. The able acting of Mr. Creswick sustains the attention of the audience through the strange and improbable plot, some of the scenes being enlivened by the fun of Mr. Widdicombe as *Lord Snooksby*, a friend of *Trafford's*. The splendour of the scenic effects is of a kind likely to aid in attracting transpontine audiences.

The Odéon Theatre of Paris has reopened its doors for the season with a new five-act piece called *Le Médecin de l'Âme*. This drama possesses little merit.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Yates read a paper (Section F), 'Illustrations of the Metrical System of Measures, Weights, and Coins.' I have long thought that nothing would tend more to the honour and the efficiency of this British Association than the adoption by it of the metrical system of measures, weights, and coins. As a scientific association it might properly patronise one of the most skilful and ingenious applications of science to purposes of utility that was ever invented; as a popular association it might seek its way to general favour by promoting discussion and diffusing information on a subject most intimately connected with the daily occupations of all classes of the community; and, as a society of large views and comprehensive character, which, though British in its origin and name, has, from its commencement, invited the contributions of philosophers of all nations, it might regard with especial complacency the only system of measures, weights, and coinage that has been proposed for universal acceptance. My only difficulty has been to decide through which of its seven gates the metrical system ought to enter. Our first Section might, above all others, court its alliance, because the metrical system is itself a very conspicuous portion of mathematical and physical science. Chemistry and mineralogy might urge an equal claim, as using the weights of this system in preference to any other, and all over Europe. Zoology and botany

might plead that unless they give the dimensions of animals and plants in relation to the metre, their communications will not be generally understood beyond the British shores. And mechanical science might allege that the system derived from the metre, and therefore called metrical, is itself one of the most powerful of all machines; that all its parts are so adjusted to one another as to work with ease and precision; that it would assist mechanists in all their plans and calculations, and in the construction of all other kinds of machinery; and that other kinds of machinery can never produce their full and final results in promoting the comfort of individuals and augmenting the wealth of nations, until imported and manufactured products of all kinds are measured, weighed, and estimated according to this system. Notwithstanding these considerations I offer the following brief remarks to the Section of Statistics. At Liverpool this Section did me the honour of receiving an essay intended to show how the coinage of the metrical system might be introduced with comparative ease into this country. If I venture again to trespass on the attention of the same Section, it is because statistics, more than any other department of science, is occupied with numerical comparisons and calculations; because these comparisons and calculations relate in a great degree to dimensions, weights, and prices, and because such dimensions, weights, and prices, so far as foreign countries are concerned, cannot be ascertained by ourselves, or presented by us in an intelligible form to the world at large, without the application of the metrical system. As a further justification of the introduction of this subject before the Statistical Section I beg to mention the following facts:—The metre has been recognised by the House of Commons and by Her Majesty's Government. In March, 1816, the House of Commons voted an address for the purpose of ascertaining the length of the second pendulum, as compared both with the English yard and with the metre. In 1855 the scientific commission, appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to construct a standard yard for universal reference in this country, was directed also to ascertain its length as compared with the metre. Some of the same commissioners had already pointed out the advantage of altering the weights and measures of this kingdom, so as to assimilate them to those of the metrical system. Some authors of greater or less distinction in this country have made use of the metrical system. More especially we find it employed by Major Jervis in his comparative table of the Indian measures and weights. On the continent of Europe the metrical system is in common use among about fifty millions of the inhabitants. It is still more generally adopted for scientific purposes; and, as I before observed, it has entered into the universal language of chemistry. The subject is brought into still closer connexion with the proceedings of the Statistical Section by a regard to the decisions of other societies which have united in pursuit of the same object. At the Statistical Congress held in Brussels, A.D. 1853, a desire was expressed and a resolution adopted to the effect, that in the statistical tables of all countries weights and measures should be given in all cases in the terms of the metrical system. At the second Statistical Congress held in Paris last year it was unanimously recommended, after full discussion, that in the tabular returns respecting roads of all kinds, and all other methods of communication, care should be taken to express distances in metres and kilometres; sums of money in francs; weights in kilogrammes, and tons of 1000 kilogrammes; surfaces in square metres and kilometres; and volumes in cubic metres. I now propose to lay before the Section some of the latest illustrations of this system. 'I. M. Daléchamps, director of a municipal school in Paris, and author of the most approved works explanatory of the metrical system, has published a large table, which displays the whole of it in the clearest manner, and shows the relation of all its parts, and which has received the express sanction and recommendation of the French Government. The copy now exhibited was lately sent to me for general use in this country

by M. Rouher, Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works. It contains the laws by which the metrical system is established and enforced in France. It explains the relation of the metre to the dimensions of the earth, as estimated by the commissioners appointed for the purpose. It exhibits the measures, weights, and coins in the linear and superficial dimensions of the objects themselves, and even in their form, colour, and outward appearance, except that the largest weights and measures of capacity are, of necessity, introduced on a much smaller scale. It is, in short, a most instructive and impressive summary of all the information which is required in order to understand and apply the metrical system, and is for this reason properly introduced, for the purpose of teaching that system in all the primary schools of the French empire. 2. The second object which I take the opportunity of producing before the Section is a standard metre, probably superior in construction to any other in this country. MM. Deleuil and Son, of Paris, make all the standard weights and measures for commercial purposes in France, and are, perhaps, second in reputation to no philosophical instrument makers in the world. They exhibited this metre at the Universal Industrial Exposition last autumn. It is of brass, and has the form appointed by the French law for the original metre. The only other standard metres in this country with which I am acquainted are two belonging to the Royal Society, which were sent in consequence of the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1816, and one belonging to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which was exhibited in the Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park, in 1851. The metre now before the Section differs from these three in two circumstances,—viz., its graduation, and the protection of its extremities. Its upper surface is divided into decimetres, centimetres, and millimetres. Its extremities are constructed like each other. A cylinder of agate has been let into the centre of each extremity, being the best substance for resisting abrasion or any other kind of injury, and a hole is drilled behind the agate for the escape of the air, which would otherwise have been enclosed at the base of the agate, and would have deranged the instrument, in consequence of its liability to expansion and contraction. 3. In the third place, I beg to exhibit a set of standard weights. These, as well as the metre, formed part of the Great Exhibition in 1855, and the name of Deleuil vouches for their perfect accuracy. The larger weights, from the kilogramme to the gramme, both inclusive, are of brass. The smaller, from the half-gramme to the half-milligramme, are of platinum foil, and I will observe that in this respect they might perhaps be improved. If they were of aluminium they would be much larger, and consequently might be used with greater ease and safety. I am also disposed to think that the best form for very small weights is that of bars. In each of these two mahogany cases—viz., that containing the larger brass weights, and that containing the smaller platinum weights, we have the largest weight by itself,—viz., the kilogramme in the one case, and the half-gramme in the other, and then precisely the same weight in its subdivisions. Moreover, in the weights of the metrical system, as well as in its coinage, the only figures which occur are 1, 2, 5, and the cypher. The quantities expressed by 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, are made up by joining the others. Thus, 3 is not a separate weight or coin, but is formed by putting together 1 and 2, and so on in the other cases. 4. Lastly, I wish to exhibit the coinage of the same system, so as to show, as far as I am able, all the coins belonging to this system which are in use in all the countries of Europe where the system is already adopted. It will be seen that the coinage is perfectly decimal, and that it is, probably, international to a greater extent than any other. It is used, as the series show, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, the kingdom of Sardinia, and the adjoining Italian duchies, including Parma. The values of the coins are expressed, as I before remarked, by the figures 0, 1, 2, 5. Switzerland borrows its gold coin from its neighbours. It uses nickel for certain values—

viz., those nearly equivalent to 2d., 1d., and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. English; for which the other countries use either silver or copper. The French coins show the effect of the influx of Californian and Australian gold in producing the gold pieces of 100fr., 50fr., and 25fr. Besides being expressly and principally adjusted for decimal computation, this system is remarkable for its great and almost unequalled facilities for binary combinations. We have in intermediate succession the pieces of 100fr., 50fr., and 25fr.; then 20fr., 10fr., and 5fr., showing in conjunction the whole, the half, and the quarter. Then 2fr., 1fr., 50c., and 25c., showing in conjunction the whole, the half, the quarter, and the eighth. Then 20c., 10c., and 5c., showing again in conjunction the whole, the half, and the quarter. The author exhibited standard weights, &c.

'Descriptive Labels for Mineral Collections in Public Institutions' (Section B), by the Rev. W. Mitchell, M.A., and Professor Tennant, F.G.S. These labels are intended to make mineral collections more available to the student, by bringing before him, at the same time with the objects themselves, their chief characteristics and uses. Thus each label gives the name of the mineral, its synonyms, chemical constitution, crystalline system, hardness, specific gravity, optical properties, fusibility or infusibility before the blowpipe, &c., together with a concise description of the principal localities where it has been found, and its application to the arts and manufactures when it can be usefully applied. The access to the metropolis being now so easy, the case in the extensive collection of the British Museum where the mineral may be found is also added. This series has already been used in several private collections. By its introduction many local institutions it is hoped may be rendered not only more instructive to the student but also attractive to the intending emigrant, who thus may be induced by its facility to acquire a knowledge beneficial not only to himself, but which may serve to discover mines of wealth hitherto unknown. The following is a specimen:—

Pyrite.—Iron Pyrites, Sulphuret of Iron, Hexahedral Iron Pyrites. Fe. S_2 . cubic. H 6—6.5 G 49—51. Case 6. Frac. conchoidal, uneven. Opaque. Lvs. metallic. Col. brass-yellow, gold-yellow, brown. Brittle. B. fusible. Partly soluble in nitric acid. Some varieties contain a small quantity of gold. A very common mineral, universally diffused in beds and veins of the most different formations. Elba, Piedmont, Saxony, Bohemia, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Dauphine, Derbyshire, Cornwall, &c. Used in the manufacture of sulphur, sulphate of iron, and sulphuric acid. Distinguished from copper pyrites by being too hard to be cut by a knife; from the ores of silver by pale bronze colour, and hardness and difficulty of fusion. Gold is sectile, malleable, and does not give off a sulphur odour before the blow-pipe.

VARIETIES.

BE NOT BROKEN-HEARTED, BROTHER.

BE not broken-hearted, brother,
With the failure of to-day;
If one chance pass thee, try another,
Energy will make its way:
Let endeavour on endeavour
Mark the onward path of life,
Till aim and end are joined for ever,
Like a loving man and wife.

Be not broken-hearted, brother,
Earth is wide and Love is in it;
Let hearts be true to one another,
And those who will shall win it:—
Joy shall triumph over sorrow—
Peace be known in every land—
Truth shall bring a glorious morrow,—
Help it every heart and hand!

Be not broken-hearted, brother,
For that tyrants now have sway;
They shall not always freedom smother—
After darkness comes the day!
A glorious day for suffering manhood,
Which no evil power shall let;
If honest hearts all urge it onward
Love and Truth shall conquer yet!

JOSEPH AYER.

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(By Order)

P. MACINTYRE, *Secretary.*

E A G L E

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1824.

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THE ASSURANCE FUND already accumulated exceeds A MILLION STERLING, and the INCOME is now £187,000 per annum.

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There are three principal avenues by which Nature expels from the body what is necessary should be expelled therefrom. These three are the Stool, the Urine, and the Pores. These MUST be kept in a healthy condition, or disease is certain. THIS IS A FIXED AND POSITIVE LAW, and no human being can safely disregard it.

Now, when the system is diseased, it is the first grand object to set all these functions at work, both to expel Disease, and to restore the Health.

The bowels must be opened, cleansed, soothed, and strengthened, the urine must be made to flow healthfully and naturally, and to throw off the impurities of the blood; the liver and stomach must be regulated; and above all the

P O R E S must be opened, and the skin made healthy. These things done, and Nature will go to her work, and ruddy health will sit smiling upon the cheek, and

LIFE WILL BE AGAIN A LUXURY.

We will suppose the case of a person afflicted with a bilious complaint. His head aches, his appetite is poor, his bones and back ache, he is weak and nervous, his complexion is yellow, the skin dry, and his tongue furred. He goes to a doctor for relief, and is given a dose of medicine to purge him freely, and he gets some temporary relief.

BUT HE IS NOT CURED! In a few days the same symptoms return, and the same old purge is administered; and so on, until the poor man becomes a martyr to heavy, drastic purgatives. Now, what would be the

TRUE PRACTICE

in such a case? What the practice that Nature herself points out? Why TO SET IN HEALTHY OPERATION ALL THE MEANS THAT NATURE POSSESSES TO THROW OUT OF THE SYSTEM THE CAUSES OF DISEASE. The bowels must of course be evacuated, but the work is not done AT THIS STAGE OF THE DISEASE. The kidneys must be prompted to do their work, for they have a most important work to do; the stomach must be cleansed; and, above all, the pores must be relieved and enabled to throw off the secretions which ought to pass off through them. We repeat that by

THE BOWELS—THE URINE—THE PORES, the disease must be expelled from the system, and not by the bowels alone, as is the usual practice.

And to effect all this, resort must be had to a remedy that is congenial to the human system—a remedy that strengthens while it subdues disease. Such is the remedy found in

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